



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

IN this city two candidates are in the field who really hope to be Mayor. What the third one hopes for it is hard to guess. Like the little boy who watches a circus from the outside, he is probably having a good time in his mind, an inexpensive pleasure with which no one feels like interfering. Just why each of the other two hopes to be Mayor is worth enquiring into, for perhaps ninety per cent. of the electors are wondering why either one of them was ever thought of, or even had the assurance to think of himself in connection with an office for which they are both so eminently unfit, and for which they are contending like a couple of schoolboys. Mr. Howland is probably a good lawyer, but it can be safely said that at the time he entered public life there was no question as to whether he could spare the time from his clients; and when he became Mayor even the City Council, small and partizan as are the majority of its members, would probably have thought of a hundred other lawyers before handing over an important city brief to the man to whom the people entrusted a much more important function. Though a man of brains, yet in no sense could he be said to be a successful business man; even as a member of the Legislative Assembly he was probably as tiresome and useless as the greatest hayseed from the back townships. Like his opponent, he obtained his status as a public man by successfully contesting a constituency in the Conservative interest. Since then his belief in himself has been unflinching, and the pertinacity with which he has kept himself before the nominating conventions of his party would have been admirable if it had not been so tiresome. His opinion of his statesmanship places him on a high pedestal, which it gives him acute pain to see is not generally recognized. His shrill and shrewish retorts when the newspapers tease him lack both dignity and that sense of genuine worth which can suffer long and be kind. As a matter of fact, he has not been badly treated by the newspapers, though his passionate denunciation of the "unscrupulous, lying, villainous press gang" would lead the public to think that he had been the victim of unspokeable persecutions. Probably the newspapers have found him too funny to be left alone, but really the worst that has been done to him was to give the public an opportunity to share in the laugh enjoyed by those who have seen him putting on frills. His vanity and tendency to scream when anyone points a finger at him have made him almost the only enemies who are troubling themselves to bring about his defeat. It is said that the schoolteachers, the policemen, the firemen, and those who have come in contact with him officially during his year of office—possibly excepting a majority of the aldermen, who, of course, do not want a repetition of the experience of 1900—are as a rule opposed to his re-election, and it may be safely asserted that he has endeared himself to very few people with whom he has had civic relations. This may be an argument in his favor or it may not, for a man, while doing his duty, often makes enemies, but as no economy was effected it does not suggest as charming a disposition as his ladylike manners would indicate. Since the campaign has opened he has apparently endeavored to prove to those who have gone to hear him that he can call hard names with the toughest of his competitors, and as a contemporary has pointed out, he is busy trying to prove that he is less of a gentleman than he is, while his opponent is endeavoring to establish himself as a more gentlemanly person than he had ever been thought.

Excepting the disheartening compromises with the corporations in which the Council has concurred, but little has been accomplished during the past year deserving of either praise or blame. During the Royal visit the Mayor looked and acted his part to the entire satisfaction of the citizens, but that part was a very small one, occupying but a few minutes of a wet afternoon, and had nothing to do with the taxes except to increase them. The electors have every reason to be obliged to the Mayor for trying to make his influence felt socially rather than in business matters. Probably we shall not have for many years a man who will look so nice as the present chief executive, or one who will deserve more credit for not getting the city into trouble. I am free to confess that he has made a better Mayor than I expected, but then really I expected so little that his failure to live up to it would have been almost impossible. Nevertheless, at the end of twelve months, the period of peace at the City Hall seems to have been so pleasant after the turmoil of the previous year, and the presence in the Mayor's chair of a gentleman honest and personally above reproach, so refreshing, that I feel no unhappiness in looking forward to a second term of Mayor Howland, even though his inflated opinion of himself may make it impossible for common people, particularly the "unscrupulous, lying, villainous press gang," whoever they may be, to bask in the light of his countenance.

MR. W. F. MACLEAN, M.P., ordinarily known as "Billy," has told us why he hopes to be Mayor, and this has set the whole town guessing as to what his real reasons are, for when he gives us a personal reason it somehow has the effect of making us all feel that no matter what is true, that at least isn't it. The easiest reason to assign for him wanting to be Mayor is that there has never been anything worth having that he hasn't wanted and tried to get. Just why he thinks he would make a good Mayor is perhaps less important than any other feature of the subject, for it is more than possible that he does not even think that he can properly fill the place. To him it is immaterial; the only question is how to get it. He is a good newspaper man; I know of none better, for almost instinctively he knows or guesses what is going on, and has not the slightest hesitation in conveying it to the public, no matter how sore it may make even his best friends. He is well equipped mentally, has an opinion on everything, and lives on the principle that a newspaper man has no right to know anything without telling it to those who buy his paper—except, of course, it should pay him better to keep it to himself. As a financier he is probably one of the best known, if not the most admired, in the city, and yet might have the greatest difficulty in getting a job as either a bookkeeper or a bank manager. Just why he thinks he should be given the important position of looking after a business second only in importance to that of the province itself, it is hard to conceive, except that it has been managed on previous occasions by men who could hardly borrow a meal ticket without an endorser. Though he has been a great success as the representative of East York in the House of Commons, yet he has never shown any administrative ability such as is needed for the proper conduct of Toronto's affairs. He has a winning smile, and even after he carves those who are careless enough to get in his way, he has the faculty of extending the glad hand and forgiving the other fellow for getting hurt. I admire this sort of thing immensely, but it is not sufficient qualification for the mayoralty.

He tells us that he wants to "do something," and at first the machinery that is already in existence seemed to him sufficient for the accomplishment of wonders if properly handled. On nomination day he took time to explain that if elected Mayor he would change all the provincial and Dominion mechanism not adapted to his purpose, would nationalize the telegraph and telephone lines, take over the street railway franchise—an absolute impossibility for twenty years to come—reduce the fare to two cents, muni-

cipalize the water powers, gas and electric light companies, and make this city of Toronto the sweetest little old town to live in that you could pass in a thousand miles of pike. Furthermore, if clothed in authority as Mayor he would singly and unaided invade the Parliament Buildings up in the Park, seize Premier Ross by the scruff of the neck and the slack of the pants and shake him till Toronto got nine members of the Legislature instead of four. With these nine members he would terrorize the other eighty or ninety and Toronto would get everything it wanted, including all the authority possessed by the Attorney-General to make the corporations "sit up." In fact, "Billy" pictures himself in much the same municipal light that Sam Hughes, M.P., does when he writes a letter showing how he could lick seventeen kinds of tar out of the Boers in an afternoon. "Bill Adams" Maclean—everybody knows Bill Adams—is ready to whip all the corporations, the Dominion Government, the Provincial Legislature, the twenty-four aldermen, and the town itself, for the same salary which has hitherto been paid to men who could do nothing but talk and paint pretty pictures before election day. The Member for East York does not propose to resign his seat in the House of Commons while he is attending to this summer task, nor does he want a second term, for he feels sure that he will have the whole thing cleaned up and be sitting around with his coat on long before the end of the year. He cheerfully compares himself to "Joe" Chamberlain and Lord Rosebery, and has advertised himself as a "man to cheer for," which, read in connection with an article published in the "World," indicates that he has very definite intentions of assuming the leadership of the Conservative party at Ottawa and of incidentally taking charge

of the latter, asking if it is necessary for "a candidate to be a man of refinement and education? Do the trustees have anything to do with the education of our children?" A circular addressed to the electors by a candidate was enclosed, stating that the taxes of the School Board could be reduced without impairing the efficiency of the schools "if went about in the right way." Throughout, the circular shows poor English, though a certain amount of good hard sense, which makes pertinent the query whether it is necessary for a trustee to be a man of culture. It is a hard question to answer, for a man of culture may make a very poor school trustee, while a man of good hard sense may be exceedingly valuable on the School Board. Of course it is much preferable to have a combination of these qualities, but as it is difficult to find a good all-round man for an office requiring such varied qualifications, it is better to select a man on account of his good sense than for his abstract scholastic attainments. The inspectors and teachers are the ones who should look after the carrying out of the School Board's policy, and it seems to me should alone come in contact with the children in educational matters. If the habit the trustees have acquired of interfering in the direct management of the schools is persisted in, then a high-standard of education should be demanded of the trustees as well as the teachers. We can hardly hope for our trustees to invent any new system, but they should be at least required to abstain from interference with whatever method is approved.

The ideal school board would be composed of educated and thoughtful men of business ability, but until such material is obtainable we shall have to be satisfied with men who have obtained much of their education in the

settle all points of difference between Great Britain and the United States, and as this Alaska boundary business is the only remaining source of friction at present, it is likely to be taken up. The suggestion that negotiations between Washington and Downing Street are likely to precede the assembling of the Joint Commission in the near future, sounds suspicious, but we must remember that we have to pay something for our colonial position, and so grin and bear what we cannot avoid.

THE re-election of Mr. Alexander Gibson, jr., the Liberal candidate in York, N.B., by a majority of nearly 900 practically settles that county as a preserve of the Gibson family, where it is all-powerful socially and financially. Yet the defeat of Rev. Joseph McLeod, an esteemed Conservative and prohibitionist, by nearly 800 votes more than he lacked at the general elections, puts both him and his backers out of business. The candidates pledged one another to spend no money and to have an absolutely pure election, and it is not claimed that this compact was violated. The result, therefore, shows that neither the Conservative party nor prohibition is being taken seriously in the constituency where Hon. George E. Foster was elected by a 1,500 majority in 1896, and the prohibitionists were supposed to be exceedingly strong. Both the Conservative and the cold water parties seem to have disintegrated in York, N.B., as in many other localities. It is evidently safe nowadays to refrain from prophesying, for what had a great hold on the crowd not long ago is likely to turn out as empty to-day as a joke in last year's almanac.

AN evening paper noted for its dislike of the Postmaster-General asserts that on or about Christmas day many letter-carriers each paid expressmen from \$2.50 to \$3.50 to take loads of parcels to delivery districts. This was in addition to working all one night, and the money came out of their own pockets without any prospect of repayment. This tale of woe may be true, but it sounds fishy, for while our postmen are first-class men, I do not think that they even pose as philanthropists or are prepared to get down in their own dip to facilitate the country's business. If, however, the statement is true it reflects no credit on the Postoffice Department. Even if the men hoped to be recouped by Christmas boxes given to them by those they serve, the scandal is not lessened, for the giving of money to postmen on Christmas is only a feature of the tip system which is not much better than a reducing of the delivery staff to mendacity. If these stories are true it is up to the "Evening News" to establish the extent of their truth. If they are false, the public should know the facts.

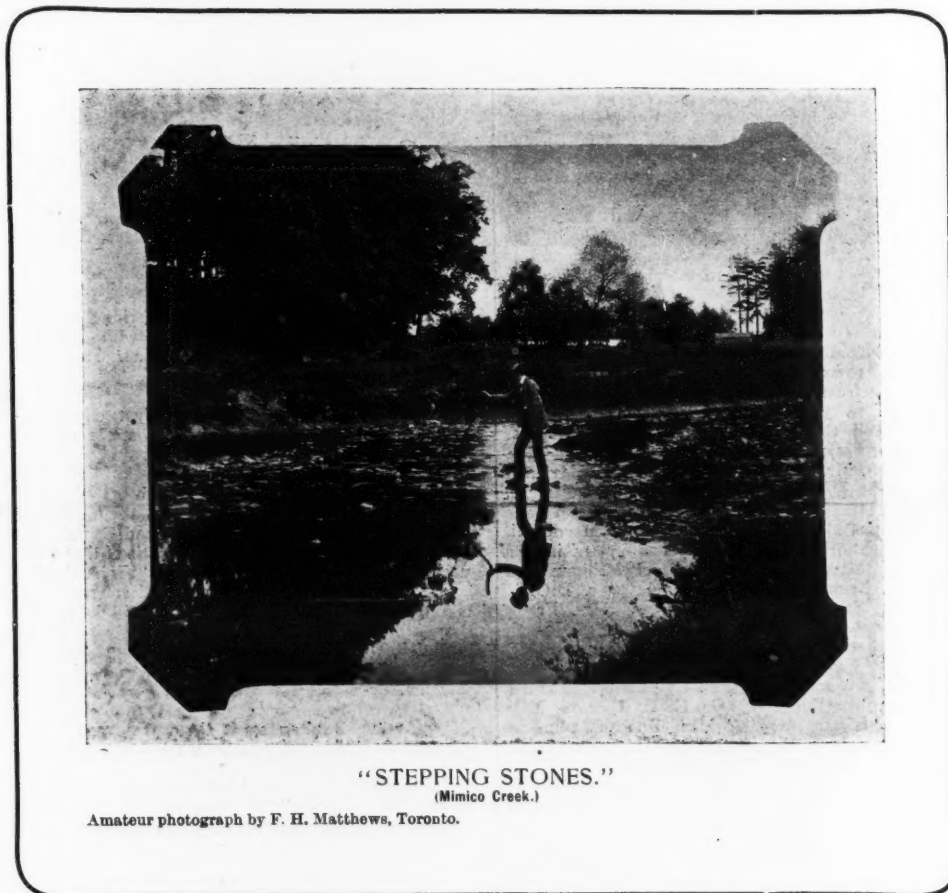
SIR WILLIAM McDONALD has donated \$125,000 for a school of instruction in the elements of plant life in connection with the College of Agriculture, and for the teaching of domestic science to women as applicable to agricultural pursuits. It will be remembered that the late Mr. Massey made a generous donation for a library in connection with the same college, and I am delighted to think that this important institution to which I referred a few weeks ago as having been neglected by the newspapers, is liable to make such advancement as a place of popular education. The splendid donations which it has received, the hundreds of students who crowd its lecture-rooms, and its high reputation abroad, have now brought it to the point where the Province of Ontario can easily make it the greatest agricultural college in the world. Why not? What greater advertisement could Canada have as an agricultural country than the presence in its chief province of the greatest institution the world has ever known for the teaching theoretically, experimentally and practically of all those delightful branches of study relating to the plant and animal life connected with the farm?

AT a banquet in Port Arthur the other night, the driving of the last spike in the Rainy River Railway was celebrated as only the people of New Ontario know how to boom that which is liable to do them good. Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann both spoke with pardonable optimism of the future of the Canadian Northern Railway, 1,300 miles of which is now in operation, making it in point of mileage the third railroad in Canada. Mr. Mann, in concluding his remarks amidst the cheers of the lusty gentlemen of New Ontario, said he hoped within seven years they would celebrate the driving of the last spike in the second transcontinental railway of Canada. The time limit is short and the project great, yet so great has been the progress of the new road that we may all feel certain that Mr. Mann's prediction will be verified.

It would be too much to expect the present good times to continue unchecked. Even Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture in the Dominion Government, is looking forward to a period of stringency, but the period of constructing an immense railway within our borders may do much to lighten the burden which is liable to settle down on the West should the crops fail. The one thing that we must guard against while so joyously pushing on towards great things, is the spending of too much public money in privately owned enterprises. That nation cannot be great which builds and enters not in, and the only taste of bitterness that can be left in the mouths of those who read of banquets like the one in Port Arthur, is caused by the fear that every link of iron laid on the roadbed of a private corporation may some day turn into a fetter binding the wrists and ankles of the people who should be served by, but who may be made to serve, the giants they are creating.

HERO-WORSHIP could not be carried much further than it has been by some of Lord Rosebery's admirers in England. His Lordship, as I have before pointed out, may be the divinely appointed saviour of the Empire, but if so he displays a peculiar inaptitude for giving practical form to his visions or for carrying his plans beyond the speech-making stage. Lord Rosebery is always about to do something marvelous, about to declare some new policy that shall rally Britons to his standard, about to make some startling pronouncement on the situation. The whole Empire is represented as waiting with bated breath for the mysterious platform of which so many dark hints have been thrown out. But Lord Rosebery speaks, and though everyone feels the spell of his grace and diction, the public is doomed to one flat disappointment after another. The thrill that had been anticipated is not experienced. The heaven-born policy will be produced on some later occasion. We are once more assured that there is some weighty and sufficient reason why his lordship should not speak out just yet. He will do so in good time.

It strikes me that there is some danger of this sort of thing becoming played out. If Lord Rosebery is going to do anything startlingly great in the political field, it is about time for him to get his gloves off. The years are slipping by, and he is getting no younger. It may be largely the fault of the dense-brained public that he has missed fire so often and so deplorably. But surely a portion of the blame is his. And keeping this fact in mind, is it not a trifle disgusting to hear so much grovelling flattery as some of his lordship's more emotional followers indulge in? One clergyman in his Christmas sermon hailed the former Premier as "the political Messiah who is to save Britain from her troubles and perplexities;" while a



Amateur photograph by F. H. Matthews, Toronto.

of the job now encumbered by Mr. Whitney in provincial affairs. This is a big stunt, and these announcements would make the ordinary person look supremely ridiculous. Not so in Mr. Maclean's case; the joke is too colossal, and no one supposes that "Billy" takes himself seriously. This is exactly where the joke comes in, for I believe his ambition includes everything he has specified, and more.

Somehow he has succeeded in becoming a law unto himself, and people tolerate from him what they would stand from nobody else. While joyously operating on ex-Mayor Clarke for enlarged official appetite when that able gentleman desired to be Mayor and Member of Parliament at the same time, Dr. Maclean explained how absolutely impossible it was to attend to both jobs simultaneously, and though the patient lived with one office cut off, "Billy" thinks he can stand the bifurcated career without even the pout of an explanation. I thoroughly believe in the greatness of Mr. Maclean's meteoric career, but I must say that as a taxpayer I do not want much of it to be through my premises. I am willing to compromise on cheering for him, as he says he is a proper person to be cheered for, but I hope he will excuse me for declining to have him fix my rate of taxes. I am quite sure he believes in public ownership of public franchises, and I am equally sure that if he were to express his candid opinion he would admit that he is the public. I like Maclean, for he is a good newspaper man and a good neighbor, but he reminds me of Mark Twain's story of when he lived next door to an overzealous deacon. "He is a nice man," said Twain, "a good man, a public-spirited man, and an honest man, but somehow I always piled my wood against the fence furthest away from his yard." Mr. Maclean makes too many promises, much after the style of the candidate he supported before he adopted Mr. Howland, from whom he has since divorced himself, and his performances will only bring disaster on a city which has already been experimented with until it is all over financial sore spots. As I remarked in the paragraph referring to the re-election of the present Mayor, we should be satisfied with a year's peace, even if we do not make much progress. I am afraid Mr. Maclean does not spell peace in the same way that the taxpayers would like to have it, and while Mr. Howland may sometimes be ridiculous, I am afraid Mr. Maclean would be always dangerous. I hate to see him fail to get anything he wants, and I have great expectations that he will have a brilliant career, so I know he will pardon me for reluctantly expressing the hope that he will be kind enough to keep his official orbit as much as possible outside the city limits.

CANDIDATES for the School Board are probably being more closely scrutinized this year than heretofore, owing to the fact that it has been established that the trustees are not subordinate to the City Council. They are appealing to the electorate not only from the platform, but by circulars, and a prominent business man has sent me one

school of experience. Experience, however, should have taught the author of the circular in question the prudence of getting an educated man to revise his election address; and judging without any personal knowledge of the man referred to, I should think he belongs to the type of the poorly educated who as school trustee would be unlikely to rely on the inspectors and teachers for guidance in matters of which he knows little. While the educated man with fads should be avoided, the uneducated theorist must be considered doubly dangerous. It is unfortunate that the electors have no opportunity of choosing the School Board as a whole, for then they might select some men because of their knowledge of buildings, others because of ability as financiers, others because they are strong-minded, and still others because they have advanced and thorough-going conceptions of what a good common school ought to be. As at present elected, in wards, no builder of reputation may be included, no financier may be looked for, no one with a knowledge of educational systems may have a place, and none of them may be strong-minded enough to be relied upon to dismiss incompetent teachers, while the great majority of them may be any one of these things, and the School Board in consequence suffer because of the lack of a variety of accomplishments. It seems to me that the Board should be elected as a whole and thus saved from local and neighborly influences which result in the choice of unfit persons and a badly rounded-off body of men generally to look after a department having to do with some of the most delicate and yet important features of civic management.

ASKAGWAY man has sent to the authorities at Washington a "plan for the amicable arrangement of the Alaska boundary dispute," which is thoroughly characteristic of the nation to which he belongs. He calmly proposes to "fobble" all the territory west of the Mackenzie River and the hundred and thirtieth meridian, thus taking away from Canada any deep water port north of Port land Canal, and including as United States territory everything above that waterway, to the Arctic Ocean. This man Miller believes that Canada would be quite willing to sell but his plan apparently suggests that the United States should expropriate everything the Dominion holds to be valuable in that part of the world, and pay for it at about the price per acre that they paid Russia for Alaska a generation ago, before gold was discovered up there. The nerve shown in making the suggestion has only been equalled by the approval with which the plan is regarded by many of the United States newspapers who see in this a "ready and reasonable" way out of any further argument. Of course none of them seem to think for a moment that no part of Canada is for sale, yet it is probably true that there are over five million Canadians who would fight till Gehenna freezes as solid as Dawson in midwinter before they would ever listen to any such proposition.

Lord Pauncefoot hopes before he leaves Washington to

writer of note on military and political problems admits having sent a copy of his book to a certain eminent statesman (Lord Rosebery) with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" The attitude can scarcely be described as self-respecting, and the implied comparison is certainly in poor taste.

It is possible to exaggerate the part played by great men in the history of nations. No individual can step in and by superhuman means save a people from the penalty of its political and commercial folly. If Great Britain is blindly trusting to the times to produce a leader with an infallible nostrum for ills which the average intelligence of her people is not equal to cope with, she will be disappointed as the Jews who expected a miraculous deliverer from the Roman yoke were disappointed. Statesmen, particularly in self-governing nations, can only mold the material they find ready to hand in the intelligence, reason and opinion of those who give them their power. In the long run no nation can be "saved" except in and through its own strength and willingness to save itself. This is a point we are apt to forget, expecting public men to perform miracles and to "show the way," while we are yet determined not to walk therein.

In this connection, the extravagant promises that are made every year by candidates for municipal office, and of which we now have the usual supply, are often impractical to the verge of absurdity. After all, the functions of a Mayor and Council are circumscribed within pretty narrow limits, and it is as useless for the electorate to expect, as it is for those seeking election to promise, the performance of remarkable feats outside these limits, as defined by law. We are perhaps prone to expect too much of those we have assigned to specified functions. If we were less ready to gulp down the sugar-coated pledges of political quacks, there would be fewer of these gentry trading on the credulity of those who wait, open-mouthed, ready to be "had." If the people are first fooled by skyrocket promises and next by bland excuses, it is their own fault. They have had the same experience so often in the past that they cannot plead ignorance. The Mayor and Council can do certain things and other things they cannot do. If we insisted upon their confining their attention to the former and doing those things with thoroughness and despatch, they would have less time and less temptation to exploit projects that are not likely to be carried through, and that only becloud the real issues. The progress and growth of Toronto depend, to say the least, quite as much on the thrift and enterprise of the individual citizen as on anything the aldermen can do or leave undone. This would not justify us in electing any old thing to look after our business at the City Hall. But it is well to remember that industrial communities do not thrive by grace of mayors or aldermen so much as by the progressive spirit of the citizens in their purely individual concerns.

A GOOD example of the vicious and partial reasoning that is doing much to stir up a dangerous social discontent is afforded in the reported words of Professor Lybarger, who addressed a Single Tax meeting in the Pavilion last Sunday. "Poverty," Professor Lybarger is reported to have said, "can owe its existence only to the fact that those who produce wealth do not get it." Now, a great deal of the poverty with which mankind is afflicted is unquestionably due to the unequal and inequitable distribution of the fruits of industry. But has Professor Lybarger not seen poverty that was due to other things—to indolence, vice, infirmity, improvidence, or some other of a score of different causes that might be assigned? It is incumbent upon a man of scientific training, who undertakes to speak scientifically of a problem, to state it fully and to present all the facts. Professor Lybarger's definition of poverty is clearly at fault, because it takes no account of a great many facts which no one can have failed to observe. It is a partial and partisan, not a scientific, definition. It states a part of the truth but not the whole truth. And it is apt to have an evil effect on untrained minds. There is no falsehood so dangerous as the half truth, and the scholar who discusses social questions, where passion is so easily inflamed, should be the last man to tamper with partial statements of fact.

THOSE who speak so airily of prohibition might find it to their advantage to cut out the following figures and paste them in their hats: During the twelve months of 1900 and 1901 ending May last, the total receipts collected on account of licenses and fines, including the sums imposed by municipal by-laws, amounted to \$629,238. Of last year's receipts, \$250,482 went to municipalities; \$304,676 to the province; \$63,762 for inspectors' salaries and commissioners' expenses, and \$10,317 for sundries. Of the receipts, \$14,705 were fines. Thus it will be seen that as the expense of enforcing prohibition will probably be greater than watching the license-holders, there will be lost in revenue, omitting the fines, which will probably be as numerous as ever, nearly \$600,000—this is a big sum to take away from the income of the province and the municipalities. As last year 3,480 licenses were granted, that number of houses, many of them now bringing high rent, but under prohibition valueless for anything but boarding-houses or small shops, would be put out of business, and to say the very least, five thousand men would become idle, not counting the employees of distilleries and breweries, if we presume that the bartenders and proprietors would obey the law and cease selling liquor.

Last year 2,522 commitments were made for drunkenness, York County furnishing 1,022 of them, while Bruce, Prescott and Russell, and Dufferin had no commitments at all. These last figures furnish a good example of the unevenness with which the burden will have to be borne in case of prohibition. York County will doubtless vote against prohibition, it furnishing upwards of half the whole commitments, while the other counties named will probably vote in favor of prohibition, though recording no commitments at all for drunkenness, yet the burden of extra taxation will fall on all alike. The subject is not one which can be dismissed with a wave of the hand and a quotation from some temperance lecture, for it means arithmetic, unequalized burdens, individual hardships, much perjury, and, worst of all, perhaps more drunkenness than ever.

WHEN writing some weeks ago about the resolution of the Halifax Board of Trade approving of the transfer of the Intercolonial Railway to the C.P.R., I called attention to the fact that the whole of the Maritime Provinces outside of Halifax would be found bitterly opposed to any such proposition. Moncton, N.B., Board of Trade has jumped on the Halifax resolution, figuratively, with both feet, though it was defended by the able Nova Scotians who gave birth to the proposal. The Board of Trade of Sydney, N.S., through its president, has declared its readiness to back up Moncton, and, as predicted, Halifax will find itself sitting alone, while the men who supported the resolution will have their names underscored for defeat if they ever offer themselves for public positions outside their own bailiwick.

Fighting by Machinery.

"SOME day," says the "Engineering Magazine" (December), in discussing Engineer-in-Chief Melville's recent report, "some one of the great naval powers will awaken to the fact that fighting by machinery means a so fighting altogether with engineers, and by engineering methods alone, and will sweep the whole medieval system overboard, and equip a fleet with a grim lot of men in overalls, who will run a war-ship as if it were a machine-shop. There will be no frills about uniform or rank or precedence, except so far as is necessary for organization and management; no disputing about credit or glory or any other ancient fiction. A war-ship will be an ugly piece of machinery built to kill men and smash things, and the men who do the work will do it for the wages they get just like any other workmen. The whole miserable business of warfare will appear in all its ugliness, divested of all its

glamor, as a horrible necessity, to be deplored if you like, but to be done mechanically and unimpassionately, just as Homestead rolls its rails and beams, and as Duquesne feeds its blast-furnaces with ore and coke. The nation which first attacks the war problem as a mechanical business, and turns it over, not to its Miles and Corbys and Sampsons and Schleys, but to its Carnegies, its Morgans, its Ericks for managers, and to men like Corliss, Fritz, Baldwin, Jones, Hunt, Waring, Sweet—engineers who know what to do and how to do it—that nation will have revolutionized warfare in the true sense, and made the great stride toward its abolition. So long as fighting is considered a thing to be admired, to be associated with glory, popularity, social distinction, and personal adornment with uniforms and decorations, so long will it persist in all parts of the world as an honorable profession, to be the aim of many and the admiration of more. When, however, it is made entirely a mechanical performance, when the personality is taken out of it as wholly as in the case of modern automatic tools, when the identity of the performers in a conflict is as thoroughly concealed as it is now in every ordinary manufacturing operation, there will be fewer candidates for the training-schools in the art of war, and fewer occasions for the exercise of the art itself."



A VERY jolly dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick to a party of young people on New Year's Eve, who after wishing the usual good things to their kind hosts at the witching hour, betook themselves to the delightful dance "en train" further down the street, where Miss Ethel Matthews was queen of the revels.

Tea at Stanley Barracks is always a jolly affair, and when Mrs. Buchanan and the officers' wives were at Home on the first day of the New Year there was nothing but bright and happy faces and good wishes, and many a jolly laugh, to mark the reunion of congenial people who stole away from callers, braced up after unusual midday feasting, or took an hour before the many evening dinners which are always on the tapis for New Year's night. By the way, the funniest contretemps I ever heard marked one of these dinners. A man dined at half-past two, made a dozen calls, rushed home and changed into a dress suit, and tore off to a big family dinner, at which he arrived by mistake half an hour too soon. Everyone was dressing, so the lone man took possession of the drawing-room, and choosing a snug bay window sat down to wait. The family assembled, and waited for their lone guest—the lone guest had gone peacefully to sleep among the cushions of the window-seat. When he awakened and realized the situation—realized also that it was nine o'clock, and judging by the sounds across the hall that "pudding all aflame" was being greeted by the small fry, he stole quietly to his overcoat and cap and as quietly to the nearest drugstore and telephone. He won't tell me just what lie he told!

Among the guests who enjoyed the tea hour at the Fort were a pretty girl from Cambridge, Mass., Miss Marie Pope, who is visiting in town; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Mrs. Harry Greene, Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh, Miss Gertrude Elmsley, Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Enid Wornum, Mrs. and the Misses Harman, Mr. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Montgomery, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Cawthra of Yealand Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Dr. George Peters, Colonel Delamere, Colonel Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi and Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. Angus Macdonell and Miss Marie Macdonell, Miss Macdonald, who was very bright and pretty in her riding habit, the Misses Rowand, Colonel Milligan and Miss Milligan of Bromley House, Colonel Otter, D.O.C., Colonel and Mrs. Sterling Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bolte, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra and Miss Cawthra, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Captain and Mrs. Capron Brooke, Miss Gertrude Temple, Mr. and Miss Jones, Captain Whitla, Miss Tottie Nicol, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Miss Stewart. The hostesses included Mrs. Buchanan, who received in the drawing-room of the officers' mess; Mrs. Victor Williams, who brought her charming sister-in-law, Miss Vivian Williams, and Mrs. Nelles, looking very bright and cordial. Mrs. Burnham is unfortunately laid up with a severe cold. Refreshments were very nicely served in the mess-room, and the band played during the afternoon.

Mrs. Tait returned to Montreal at the beginning of the week. Mrs. Cockburn has been suffering from a severe cold, which has confined her to bed for some days.

Mr. Arthur Grantham of New York is paying a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grantham of 15 Albany avenue. He is accompanied by a New York friend, Mr. Crowe.

A jolly house dance was given by Mrs. Helliwell of Iverholme for the young friends of her popular son and daughter, Mr. Wallace and Miss Elsie Helliwell, and a few of their elders, on Friday evening of last week. Iverholme, since the days of its occupancy by the former owner, Mrs. Cattamach, has been so much enlarged and built upon that its borders have spread from a compact family residence to a huge pension. On Friday most of the apartments were devoted to the guests of the dance, and the very large crowd of young folks found plenty of cosy sitting-out places wherein to enjoy a quiet tete-a-tete between the dances. Large adjoining apartments, dining and billiard-rooms, were turned out for the dance, the music stationed between them, and the buffet set in the library, where continuous refreshments were served from a prettily decorated table. Mrs. Helliwell received in the drawing-room, and by her pleasant and hearty greeting made everyone feel most welcome. Miss Helliwell, who looked very nice in white crepe with pastel shades of folded girdle and trimmings, was most watchful over the happiness of the young folks, and with her gallant brother performed every hospitable duty, which means that both the young people did a hard evening's work, as the host and hostess must expect at such a successful party. Among the beautiful visiting girls were the Misses Creighton of Brantford and Miss Howard of New York, cousin of Miss Sheila Macdonough, who was also very smartly and becomingly gowned. Among the married folk were Mr. and Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. de Webster, one of the most distinguished looking old ladies in Canada; Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows, Mr. and Mrs. George Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Crease, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Stanger, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Grindley, and among the young people who looked particularly well were Miss Sprague in a smart black gown; Miss Wornum in a lovely frock of yellow satin, encrusted with white lace; Miss Brouse, in a very becoming black frock; Miss Butler in pale blue brocade; Miss Gyp Armstrong in deep rose pink, with white lace applique; Miss Warwick of Sunnyside in a dainty white dress; Miss Leila Macdonell wore a crisp little dotted mouseline with touches of black; Miss Croil wore white satin, and Miss Marie Foy a lovely gown of pale blue satin; Miss Bethune wore pale green satin, Miss Athol Boulton wore white point d'esprit over deep pink, and Miss Gladys Nordheimer primrose satin; Miss Louise Matthews wore a very handsome satin veiled in embroidered net. Miss Alleyne Jones, Miss May Denison, Miss Harman, Miss Alice Baines, Miss Eva Miles, Miss Sweetman, were some

of the younger girls who had much attention and looked very well. Among the men were Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski, who is home for the vacation; Mr. Hardisty, Mr. Hellmuth, Mr. Morton, Mr. Stewart, Messrs. McMurray, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Heron, Mr. Selby Martin, Mr. George Kerr, Mr. Walter Dewson, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. Evans Lewis, Mr. Hood, Mr. Ryerson, Mr. Edgar, Mr. Greer, Mr. Frank Gray, Mr. Ernest Cattamach, Mr. Rolph, Mr. Winder Strathy, Mr. Wisner, Mr. Kirk Christie, Mr. Foy, Mr. Norman McLeod, Mr. Dudley Oliver, and Mr. Davidson Harman.

Mrs. F. Maughan Ellis (nee Jackes) will hold her post-nuptial reception at her new home, 85 Crescent road, Rosedale, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, January 13th and 14th, and on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout have taken a residence in Lowther avenue. I hear that it is the house made famous for its occupancy by happy brides and bridegrooms, this couple being the fourth in succession in its tenancy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Eby, and now Mr. and Mrs. Ridout having in their turn occupied it. I think it enjoys an unique record in this respect among Toronto residences.

Mrs. Lamport of 559 Jarvis street gave a very pleasant At Home yesterday from half-past four to seven o'clock.

Mrs. Bradley has removed her pension to 50 Maitland street, where her host party includes Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander and Mr. Snively, Mrs. and Miss Lola Henderson, Miss Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, whose friends will note their change of address.

Owing to the death of Dr. McLeod of Detroit, the dance "en masque" to have marked a jolly event of "le jour d'an" has been put off. Mr. and Mrs. McLeod left for Detroit on Monday. Dr. McLeod visited his brother in Toronto not long since, and those who enjoyed meeting him much regretted the news of his death.

Mrs. Hammond's tea last week was a happy holiday affair at which her two daughters, Mrs. Bogert and Mrs. Parker, were present, Mrs. Parker assisting in the drawing-room and Mrs. Bogert, with Miss Ethel Butler, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Miss Cassels, and Miss MacKenzie, being in charge of the tea-room. Pink roses and begonias were the flowers decorating the beautiful rooms, and the guests included Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa, Mrs. Charles Temple, Mrs. Robert Smith, Mrs. Paul Krell, Miss Margaret Thomson, Mrs. Cronyn, Mrs. James Ince, Mrs. Bath, Mrs. Stewart Gordon, Mrs. Thomas Tait, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Bristol, and a very smart contingent of young girls.

Hon. Justice MacMahon and Mrs. MacMahon gave a dinner party on Friday, December 27th, for Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa, who spent the vacation with them. The guests were Lady Kirkpatrick, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. D. R. Wilkie.

The engagement of Mr. Cecil Padden of London, England, and Miss Marie Pope of Cambridge, Mass., is announced. Miss Pope met Mr. Padden while on a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan at the mines, and I hear their marriage will take place in June.

Last Monday a small and very jolly tea for the "buds" was given by Mrs. Ryerson of Cecil street to a party of girls.

"The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire" (which is the large title belonging to the women who are so earnest in their loyalty to England and Canada) has taken up the idea of commemorating the death of that noble ruler, Queen Victoria, by the observance of "Violet day," January 22. Each Daughter of the Empire will wear a posy of violets on that day, and the Canadians will know that their sisters in England and the colonies are with them in this graceful feminine tribute. The sweet perfume of a violet is above all the suggestion of the incense of a good and noble life.

Mr. Arthur Boulton spent the vacation with his people in Toronto. Captain Gilpin Brown has returned to Regina.

On Monday Miss Maude Cartwright, daughter of Rev. Conway Cartwright of Kingston, and Mr. John J. Telford of Louisville, Kentucky, were quietly married in Kingston. They have gone to their home in the South, followed by many earnest good wishes.

Miss Amy Laing is visiting friends in New York. Mrs. Reginald Carter of Ottawa (nee Pearson) is visiting her parents here. Mrs. Duncan has returned to Brantford. The Misses McMicking are in St. Catharines. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and Mrs. Simpson are in St. Remo, where "the roses are in bloom and the oranges getting ripe"—sounds tempting!

Rev. Mr. Balstone of Aurora spent the vacation with his friend, Mr. Harry Caston, in Toronto.

On last Monday the Progressive Euchre Club held a very jolly fortnightly reunion at the residence of Mr. Walter Barwick. I hear Miss Barwick and Mr. Ewart Osborne are to be married in June.

Miss Ward will receive at her studio, Imperial Chambers, next the General Post-office, this afternoon from three to six o'clock.

On New Year's night Mr. Jim Young of St. Alban's street was the host of a young men's euchre and supper, which brought together a very large party of the rising and bright young men of Toronto. Tables for the game were set in the spacious drawing-rooms, and everyone enjoyed the affair immensely. All the "summer boys" who are the life and soul of our lakeside and island resorts proved that winter has not impaired their power of having a right merry time.

Mr. Frank Matthews, looking very bright and well, is home on a visit to his people in Pembroke street.

Last Saturday evening the jolliest of children's parties was given by Mrs. Austin of Spadina for her young daughters. On Monday evening Miss Phyllis Lawlor was the graceful young hostess of a "not out" dance at her home, Frewen House, Queen's Park.

Miss Miriam Hellmuth went up to London for the holidays to visit Mrs. Smallman. Several very smart parties have been made smarter by the presence of the dark-eyed belle from Toronto, who is very much at home in London, as I fancy it is her native city.

Miss Dore, an English girl who is visiting Mrs. Reginald Northcote, is a most beautiful and charming lady. She was with her host and hostess at the Ridout-Jones wedding on Saturday, and looked very handsome in a smart English frock and hat.

Mrs. Paul Krell went to New York on Sunday evening and sailed by the Celtic for England on Tuesday. She is very much missed by her many friends and admirers in Toronto.

Mr. Tom Delamere, who is with the third contingent at Halifax, has been laid up with a hurt foot, stepped on by his charger.

News from Major Archie Macdonell came pleasantly to his people at Christmas. He's well and busy.

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Social and Personal.

St. Thomas's Church, which has perhaps a longer list of weddings having taken place within its consecrated walls among society people than any other church of its age in Toronto, was again on Saturday thrown open to more than one wedding party. The marriage of Mr. Douglas Ridout and Miss Ruth Jones was timed for half-past two o'clock, but for some time before the church was well filled with a smart party of relatives and friends, who were met at the entrance and escorted to their places by four ushers, Mr. Vernon Jones, brother of the bride; Mr. Howard Ridout, brother of the groom; Mr. Edward Burke and Mr. Walter Green. The guests had time to note the festive decorations of the season and the beautifully illuminated chancel and altar, and listen to several well-played organ selections before the first welcoming notes of the bridal procession were heard. The surpliced choir, preceded by an acolyte carrying a magnificent golden cross, and chanting as they slowly swept up the aisle, led the way to the chancel, followed by the officiating priest, Rev. Canon McNab of St. Alban's, who, assisted by Rev. Harold McCausland and Rev. Mr. Beale, performed the marriage ceremony, which was fully choral. After the clergy came the ushers and the maid of honor, Miss Allayne Jones, sister of the bride, looking very dignified in a white dress of organdy, with flounced jupe and very pretty bodice, trimmed with lace and tucks, and a black picture hat, with plumes. She carried a sheaf of white roses. After her the two bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Ridout and Miss Mary Miles, both pretty and graceful girls, in primrose yellow frocks of mousseline de sole, black plumed hats and bouquets of white roses. They all wore the pretty party rings given as souvenirs of the happy event by the bridegroom. Mr. Alphonse Jones led in the bride, who was very lovely in a delicately airy robe of lace over satin, with pleatings of chiffon at the hem. Her figure is always graceful and charming, and, enveloped in her bridal veil, Miss Jones looked an ideal bride; her dark eyes and hair and perfect oval face framed in tulle and crowned with orange blossoms, were most attractive. The groom was perfectly suitable to the sweet young girl who wore it. The guimpe and sleeves were of lace, and she carried a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. After the ceremony the bridal party and guests drove to Rosedale, where Mr. and Mrs. Jones gave the breakfast and bridal reception. The bride's mother wore black crepe de chine, with some handsome jewelry on the bodice, and a very smart and becoming chapeau of white with black and pink. Mrs. Ridout, mother of the groom, looked very sweet in silver-gray, with white lace, and a smart little white and black bonnet. An extremely smart gown of gray Irish poplin was worn by Mrs. Wheelock Allen. Mrs. John Kay wore a smart fawn costume. Mrs. George Ridout was in black and peacock, a very trim and handsome gown, with toque to match. Mrs. Falconbridge was handsomely gowned. Mrs. Allen Aylesworth also looked very well. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Andrews and Mrs. Smithell, Mr. and Mrs. Holland of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Van der Linde, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Miss Eva Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Quelph, Mrs. John Ridout, to whom everyone offered particular greetings as one of the representatives of the old regime in Toronto; the Misses Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Skae, Dr. and Mrs. Jones of Mount Forest, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. Gooch, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooch, Mr. Colin Gordon and Miss Gordon, Mr. E. Monck, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, and a great many others were present.

The bride and groom received in the artistic drawing-room before a bank of "golden wedding" chrysanthemums and ferns, and the wish that they might fulfil the suggestion of the flowers chosen for decoration of the room was natural and freely expressed. Canon McNab proposed the health of the bride at the breakfast, and the guests seconded his sentiments with enthusiasm. Mr. and Mrs. Ridout went away on the late afternoon train for their honeymoon, amid showers of rice and roses. Mrs. Ridout's going-away gown was of blue cloth, with toque to match and trimmed with white. I hear that a pretty house is being built for them in Rosedale, as a wedding gift. Mrs. Ridout's reception day will be announced on her return. The bride received most beautiful gifts, which were much admired by her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Jones duplicated the magnificent present they gave to their elder daughter, Mrs. Herbert Hulme, a splendid cabinet of silver, and among the other gifts were half a dozen rare pictures, a fine swinging mirror, carved chairs, silver and cut glass by the dozen, and many lovely pieces of work. Mrs. Ridout should have no difficulty in making her new home beautiful.

Mr. Percy Patterson is spending some time with his people in Brunswick avenue.

The engagement of Miss Florrie Scarth and Mr. Glynn Osler has followed closely upon that of her sister, Miss Constance, and Mr. Locke of Trinity. These charming girls are overwhelmed with good wishes.

Miss Mary Elwood is visiting Mrs. Peters in London. Many Christmas wishes and "Happy New Years" go from Toronto to the Forest City, where Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Grace Peters, Colonel and Mrs. Young and Major and Mrs. Denison are quartered just now. Miss Denison went up to spend the holidays with her brother, whose elder daughter made her debut this week at a dance given by Major and Mrs. Denison at the Barracks. Mr. Thrift Burnside spent the holidays in London also.

Miss Greenhields has changed her day of reception from Friday to Tuesday, and receives on the second and fourth Tuesdays at her home, 2 Elm-street place.

Mr. Walter Lee's physicians on Monday pronounced his case typhoid. The patient was doing well at time of writing.

Three fine young men indeed are Mr. Walter Beardsmore's sons, who are all at home for the holiday festivities. Mr. Lissant Beardsmore has been a long

time abroad, passing most of the time in Paris. The Beardsmore families had a large reunion this season. Mr. Fred Beardsmore came on from Montreal, and Mrs. Fisk has been paying a long visit to Chudleigh, where some charming entertaining has been going on. Fascinating Mrs. Kitson, who went down to Rideau Hall for Christmas, was one of the Chudleigh party.

Mr. Jack Ross came down for New Year, and for the New Year's eve dance given at the home of his lovely fiancée, Miss Matthews. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick gave a jolly dinner and New Year's eve reunion to a party of young folks, who afterwards finished the happy night which welcomed 1902, at Mrs. Matthews' dance.

An afternoon euche was given on Monday by Mrs. Mitchell (nee Gooderham) for her sister, Mrs. Greenhields, of Montreal. Twelve tables were arranged for the game, and the players very much enjoyed the affair.

Mrs. Harries of Earncliffe has been paying a short visit to her sister, Mrs. Charlie Ryerson. Everyone who has had the pleasure of a visit at Earncliffe since the wizard touch of its delightful owner has transformed it with-in and without, is struck with the exquisite taste and judgment which, while beautifying and improving the historic home, have yet carefully preserved a certain sentiment dear to those who knew it in the days of its not so distant, Sir John Macdonald. I wish space permitted a description of all the new beauties of Earncliffe, the situation of which is one of the most perfect in all our wide Dominion.

Miss Kay of Boston is visiting Mrs. Walter Barwick. Miss Marie Pope, also of Boston, who has been since August on a visit with Mrs. Alan Sullivan at Rat Portage and Elizabeth Mine, came down on Monday for a short visit to Mrs. Hees. An item of special interest regarding the latter fair Bostonian has come my way, of which more anon.

Miss Amy Douglas gave a theater party, with supper at her home after, in honor of Miss Howard, that sweet young New York girl who is visiting her relatives at Carlton Lodge. Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick chaperoned the young people, and the evening was of the most delightful.

Mrs. James Johnstone of 116 Bellevue avenue gave an At Home on Friday evening, Dec. 27, at which her new home was thrown open and the spacious drawing-rooms were used for dancing. For those who did not dance card tables were arranged. Refreshments were served during the evening in the dining-room. Mrs. Johnstone, who received in the drawing-room, wore a lovely gown of black velvet and rose pink. Miss Katie was in a dainty white silk. Mrs. Percy McMahon looked lovely in a handsome gown of black silk, with sequins and touches of turquoise blue. Mrs. Harry Bennett was charming in pink silk. Mrs. Jarrett wore black satin, with trimmings of white. Miss Lochlin wore a dainty pink silk gown. Mrs. Williamson was in black silk, with jet. Others were Dr. and Mrs. Peaker, Miss Dewar, Miss Vanderlip, Miss Mann, Misses Ramsden, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hall, and Messrs. Jarrett, McFiehon, Thompson, Spence, Hodgins, Bates, Ramsey, Scarff, Wright and Elliott.

The Board of Management of Grace Hospital wish to thank the many kind friends who so generously contributed to the Christmas cheer. The patients, nurses and staff especially wish to thank Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, who personally presented each one with a gift on Christmas morning.

Dr. Frank B. Lundy of Portage la Prairie spent a few days in town, the guest of his cousin, Mrs. William R. Roche, of Jarvis street.

The Alienation of the General.

FIRST encountered him in the streets of a Montana "cow-town," where he was affording amusement to a crowd of men and boys, while a tipsy musician was attempting the Boulanger March on an antique piano. To save him from further abuse I bought him, and ever afterwards he was known to his little world as "General Boulanger."

We grew to look upon the General as an interesting scientific phenomenon. His was a soul saturated with hate for all men. Any amiable qualities he may have possessed in early youth had been killed by abuse. He knew but distrust and fear. We determined to reclaim him, and in our lonely camp the General became the object of such flattering attention that only his unconquerable misanthropy kept him from becoming an arrant snob. For a long time our efforts were unavailing, but as the weeks went by I thought I noticed a little less shrinking, fewer growls, and a faint gleam of recognition in the glassy eyes when I approached. I felt the thrill of conquest, and redoubled my efforts. The heart of stone was at last touched, and my theory in regard to "yaller dogs" was correct.

We returned to the outskirts of civilization, and one day, driving once more to the town, so filled with painful memories for the General, I was surprised to behold him again in the street, slinking about with others of his kind. The slight results of our patient labors were in peril. It would never do to allow the General's slowly growing faith in man to be nipped in the bud by further town life, so we infinite pains I secured him and tied him to the back of my wagon. I remonstrated with him gently, as he lay cringing in the dust, for his base desertion of the only friends he had ever known.

The painful journey homeward began. The General betrayed a distinct unwillingness to ride, so he was allowed to follow at the end of a long rope behind. With his usual acumen, he fancied the strength of two half-broken broncos to be as naught compared to his fiery determination to remain in town. So he sat down. With an expression of pained surprise on his countenance he traversed a few hundred yards of the dusty road in this position, and then tried his back. It was quite in keeping with the eccentricities of the General's mental processes that a simpler method did not occur to him, until, striking a deep rut, he was

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hurled high into the air, and by some happy chance alighted on the extremities nature had provided for purposes of locomotion. Then, with bowed head, he trotted contentedly along. I turned to look at him occasionally, and flattered myself that I saw in his demeanor evidences of regret at his folly, and a determination to do better in the future. I spoke encouragingly to him, but he was too absorbed in meditation to look up.

A hot afternoon's ride brought us to an irrigating ditch. After rattling over the few loose planks which served as a bridge, I stopped to repair a break in the harness. The General, hot and dusty, at once dashed into the little stream to drink and bathe. With my back to the tired horses I watched him. As I looked he performed his colossal act of folly, the final episode in his witless career. After refreshing himself on one side of the tiny bridge, quite unthinkingly of his connection with my rear axle, he laboriously splashed under the bridge and came out the other side. Cooled by his bath, he came to the side of the wagon and looked sweetly up at me. Immensely impressed by his sagacity, I was on the point of alighting to free him from his dangerous predicament, when the hand of fate, ever turned against him, struck the last blow.

As I swung my off bronco, and with a squeal he and his startled mate rushed madly down the road. I was hurled to the bottom of the wagon, but not before I saw the General turn a perfect back somersault and shoot toward the stream. In a cloud of dust he disappeared into the water, and then followed a symphony of howls as he traversed the dark and damp nether side of the bridge, to be shot up into daylight once more by the united strength of two frightened broncos. In a shower of spray he struck the road twenty feet from the bridge, and did not gain his feet until I had brought the horses to a standstill. Once more I turned to the General. He was a pitiable sight. Covered with mud and half strangled, he quivered with cold and rage.

As we traversed the short distance to camp I tried to fancy what his reflections were. Knowing him as well as I did, I felt sure that he looked upon the past weeks of kindness as part of an elaborate scheme to win his confidence enough to practice this last insult upon him. I dreaded the consequences of the episode, and planned new blandishments to reinstate myself in his favor.

Arriving in camp, my first thought was to release him from the wagon. But the water and mud made it difficult to unfasten the knot at his collar. Feeling keenly the embarrassment of his position, I untied the rope from the axle and threw it on the ground.

The General watched me sulkily, and when the end of that hated rope fell free he bounded to his feet. With one final snarl of utter hate and disgust he was off like a shot; not in a wild, purposeless circle, but straight as the flight of an arrow across the prairie. Away he went, with the lariat dragging behind him.

With eyes raised to the solitary snow peak a hundred miles away he flew from us, with a heart full of hate and a grim determination to put half a continent, if need be, between himself and tyrant man. As I watched the little cloud of dust, raised by his hurrying feet, disappear on the horizon, I realized the futility of battling against fate.

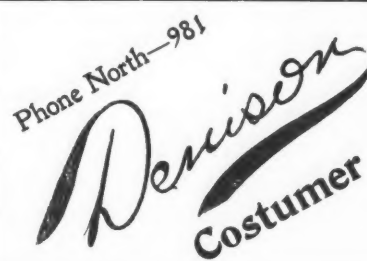
Then our packer broke the silence: "There goes the ornriest cur in the world with the best lariat in Montana." —Atlantic Monthly.

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there is a glut of "able men"—that is to say, men who have brains and know their business, who are industrious and energetic, and are either clever, or have the trick of appearing so. But the kind of intellectual distinction which we call genius was never so rare in every department of life.—Truth.

He Missed His Opportunity.

"Henry," said Uncle Amos from Up-creek, who was visiting his city nephew, "who's that man in the house on the other side of the street? Every morning he stands in front of a window an' shaves himself. He's done it now for three days hand-running."

"I suppose he has done it every morning for the last ten years, uncle," replied Henry.

"Has he lived there all that time?" "Yes, and longer than that, for all I know. I've been here only ten years myself."

"Who is he?" "I don't know."

"What does he feller?" "I haven't the slightest idea, uncle."

Uncle Amos put on his hat and went out. In an hour or two he returned. "Henry," he said, "that chap's name is Horton. He runs an insurance office down town. He's wuth about twenty-seven thousand dollars, owns that house an' lot, belongs to the Presbyterian church, has three boys an' one girl, an' he's forty-six years old. I've found out more about him in an hour than you have in ten years. Blamed if I don't believe livin' in the city makes people stupid."

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A nervous looking girl consulted a doctor, who asked her what she was suffering from. Her answer was as follows: "I'm a telephone girl, doctor, and the work is a terrible strain on my nerves. The monotony of having a receiver constantly at my ears, and saying 'Hello!' tells upon my nerves. When off duty I am always having 'Hello!' ringing in my ears, and I am constantly saying it. When I go to bed, I wake up from sleep saying 'Hello!' And even when I kneel down to say my prayers I instinctively say 'Hello!' before I commence them."

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CHAPTER XV.

"The Man You Love."

"There! I've typed a thousand words in an hour!" I announced. "Isn't that good for an amateur?"

"Splendid!" said John Bourke.

"Shall I ever be as good as your other secretary, who left you to be married?" I wistfully asked.

"There never was a secretary like you," he replied.

"Oh! But is that meant for praise or otherwise?"

"It's meant to tell you that I wish I could keep you for my secretary always."

"Perhaps you may. I'll grow old in your service."

He came closer and stood looking down at my finished work, yet not seeming to see it. I felt that there was something which he wished to say, and that he was thinking of the right beginning; but just as he had opened his lips to speak there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jennett entered, with a telegram sent on for Mr. Bourke from the hotel where he was living.

He read it and crushed the paper in his hand. "I must go at once," he said. "But I shall be back to-morrow morning about half-past ten with some more work for you to tackle, if you will."

"What were you going to say before Mrs. Jennett came in?" I curiously enquired, as he held out his hand for farewell.

He looked at me intently, in a characteristic way he had, that always quickened my blood a little. "Do you really want to know?"

"Very much, or I wouldn't have asked."

"And I very much want to tell you. But it's something too important to be told in a hurry. If you were offended I should not have time now to try and make my case good."

"Am I likely to be offended?"

"I can't tell. I hope not, more than I ever hoped anything."

"Dear me! And I must wait till to-morrow!"

"I had meant not to speak of this matter until you were out of this house and in those rooms of your own to which you seem so eagerly looking forward. But I'm not a very patient man, I'm afraid, where my own interests are at stake; and now that the subject has been broached—"

"To-morrow, then!" I broke in. "At half-past ten. It's an appointment."

"Yes," he said, slowly. "You shall hear what I have to say for myself."

All this time he had been holding my hand, and I had forgotten to draw it away, for the conversation had been very absorbing. Now I remembered, and gently pulled away my fingers. One more quick, strong pressure he gave them, and then, with an abrupt "Good-bye until to-morrow," he turned, and was gone without looking back.

"What can it be that he wants to say to me?" I thought. "Something so important that he is anxious about it—something he hopes may offend me?" That speech was puzzling, for it seemed that if the mysterious "something" were the one thing I dared to hope it might just possibly be, there could be no idea of "offence." Still, the expression of his face more than the spoken words, perhaps, gave me a hope that went thrilling through my veins. And when his tall, alert figure had passed out of sight I lifted the hand that he had pressed and kissed it. Then, ashamed of what I had done, I hurried back to the typewriter, and began to work as if driven by a merciless taskmaster.

For half an hour there was no sound in the room except the tapping of the keys, the sharp "ping" of the bell which warned me when I reached the end of a line, and the rustle of the paper as I changed the sheet. I had just found out that absent-mindedness had caused me to make some odd mistakes, when I heard a ringing at the front door, but this was nothing to me, and I did not pause until voices in the passage outside the study sent the blood flying to my face.

"He's out, really, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was protesting, almost imploring. "He won't be back to-day, I do assure you."

"I am sorry," followed silvery accents, which in the fraction of a second carried me back to another world. "I will write a note and leave it, if you will kindly let me go into the study, where I waited once before."

I sprang up from the table where I had been typing, and my heart was thumping against my side. Unless Mrs. Jennett somehow prevented her, in a moment more Lady Feo Ringwood would be in the room. She would see me; what would she think?

"What does it matter?" I said, angrily, to myself. "I'm Mr. Bourke's secretary. I'd rather this hadn't happened, but—there's nothing to be ashamed of. Anyhow, it's too late now. I can't run away."

There was only one door leading into the study, and my imagination pictured Lady Feo just outside.

"Oh, your ladyship," Mrs. Jennett was saying, "you don't need to trouble about writing a note. I'll give Mr. Bourke any message you may like to leave."

Her voice sounded troubled, and its note of distress added to my confusion. If she were so anxious to prevent Lady Feo Ringwood from seeing me, perhaps there were reasons stronger than I knew for concealment of my presence. My face grew burning hot, and my hands trembled. I looked round the room, but no hiding-place offered, even if I could have humiliated myself to seek one. Mrs. Jennett was the arbiter of my fate. If she failed to keep Lady Feo out of the study I must be brave and make the best of it.

"I would really rather write, thank you. It is no trouble," said the visitor, every word coming distinctly to my ears. Then the handle of the door turned, and Lady Feo Ringwood swept

silkenly into the room. I faced her, standing, my eyes unflinching, but my cheeks scarlet.

She started, and her beautiful face went from white to red. For an awkward instant no one spoke. Then Mrs. Jennett, quivering in the background, stepped into the breach. "Your ladyship, this is Miss Harland, Mr. Bourke's secretary."

"Ah, indeed?" said Lady Feo. "I believe I have met Miss Harland" (she spoke the name slowly and with emphasis) "before. Do you remember, Miss Harland?"

"Yes, I remember you very well, Lady Feo," I answered, and though I tried only to keep my tone steady, it sounded defiant.

"It is interesting to meet you again—here." She turned to Mrs. Jennett with a smile, looking a very great lady, as indeed she was. "I will write my note, and perhaps, as Miss Harland is here, she will take charge of it, so I need not trouble you. I am in no hurry, and if she doesn't mind, I would like a little talk with her. We have, I think, some friends in common."

"If you are not too busy, miss?" the poor old woman said, anxiously, to me. Her eyes added: "Do forgive me. I did my best. I hope this won't vex you very much."

I sent a glance to reassure her. My spirit was roused, and I did not wish the visitor to go without some explanation; though I had arranged no formula in my mind. "I am not too busy for a talk with Lady Feo Ringwood," I returned.

Mrs. Jennett disappeared, closing the door.

"Will you sit down?" I said.

"No!" Lady Feo ejaculated, her voice utterly changed in an instant. "No, I can't sit down."

Her tone was a challenge, and I looked up to meet it. Our eyes met.

"It's true, then?" she exclaimed. "I would never have believed it."

"What do you mean?" I asked, quickly. "Did you expect—were you told that I was here?"

"Not that," she declared. "Not so bad as that. I was told that—someone was here."

"I don't understand you at all, Lady Feo," I said. "But, of course, it seems strange to you—"

"Strange? It is incredible!"

"Not incredible really; it only appears so," I protested, hardly knowing whether I was supposed to be on the defensive or not. "I daresay you must have heard that—that I had a very great affliction, and, afterwards, misfortunes."

"Oh, I heard things, of course," she cried, with a kind of fierce impatience. "But nothing, nothing which led me to expect this."

"Yet you said a moment ago that you had heard—"

"I was not thinking of you then; I was thinking of Mr. Bourke."

I felt the blood which had burnt in my cheeks receding, to leave me pale. Still, I was at a loss to fathom her emotion. She had been on friendly terms with my adopted mother and me. The last time I had seen her she had been dining with us and some people Lady Feo had asked to the Savoy Hotel the Sunday night before my banishment. Did her excitement now mean surprise at meeting me again, and concern at seeing me so fallen in the world as to be earning my living as a typewriter, or was there something deeper than this, something which I should regard as offensive? I was only eighteen, and I did not feel sure of my ground.

"Mr. Bourke has been very kind to me," I said. "I am trying to help him as well as I can."

"Kind to you?" Lady Feo echoed, with a strange bitterness. "But what has he been to himself?"

"To himself?"

"For him this spells ruin. You talk of helping! Is it possible you are so blind as not to see that you are dragging him down—down off the pedestal his genius has given him?"

I stared at her in blank amazement, my lips apart.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, a sudden flame of anger leaping to her dark eyes. "I never thought that you were wicked or a fool, Sheila Cope. Now I believe you are both. Wicked for him. A fool for yourself."

"Lady Feo!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "You are older than I am, but you must not speak to me like that."

She had been very pale under a faint pink tinge of rouge which I had not suspected her of before, but now her cheeks blazed and hid the hard line of artificial color. "Older than you?" she repeated, intemperately. "Three or four years, perhaps. But after this thing that you have done you can no longer pose as a guileless child."

"I have done nothing," I answered her boldly. "Nothing, except to lose all my friends and all my money, and be obliged to work for my bread."

"You look like a hard-working bread-winner, in that Liberty tea-gown!" she sneered.

Before any answer had come to me, she went on. "At least, I see by your face that you have the grace to be ashamed of yourself. Then there may be some hope yet."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," I said, finding voice to say at last. "I think that you and I, Lady Feo Ringwood, must be playing at cross purposes. Did you come here to insult me?"

"I came to save John Bourke—if I could."

"To save him—from what?"

"To speak frankly, from great danger of losing all the fruit of his ambition. His seat in Parliament, his chance of rising higher still, should the Liberal party come into power."

For a moment, in the shock of hearing that the man I loved was in peril of such a disaster, I forgot myself and the part allotted to me in this strange scene.

"Oh, he must not lose it!" I cried.

Lady Feo looked at me with a curious expression. "It rests with you," she said.

"With me? Impossible!"

"But it is true. Listen, and I will tell you how. Mr. Bourke has enemies, as all strong men must have. It has not about that—that—well, that a mysterious lady is living in his house. All sorts of stories are being told—"

"They are lies!" I broke in, furiously, understanding her at last.

"Wait—if you really care for him. Hear me to the end. I am his friend. I believe in him as I have never believed in any other man. I would do anything to save him from the storm that is gathering. If you have any real love for him in your heart, any womanly selfishness born of love, you will do the only thing left for you to do for John Bourke. You will leave his house."

"It is not his house!" I cried, desperately, scarcely able to speak for the sobbing breath that came pantingly with the wild beating of my heart. "It is Mrs. Jennett's house. He is not living here. He has been at an hotel ever since I came—"

"Oh, what sophistry! Even if I believed it, what good would such a story do him, when he came to defend himself from the accusations which will be brought against him? Sheila Cope, tell me, as woman to woman, do you love him?"

"He is my employer, my friend," I stammered. "My lover. Never has one word of—"

"Answer my question!"

"I will not answer. You have no right to ask."

"You have answered. But I say to you you do not love him or you would leave this house now—this hour."

"I was going away in a day or two," I said. "It is all arranged. My rooms are engaged. I have been ill, and—"

"You might as well stay here, for all the good you will do to Mr. Bourke by moving to rooms which he has taken for you—"

"Mrs. Jennett took them," I cut her short, obstinately, tears of shame and anger brimming over in my eyes.

"Oh, nonsense! It's all one. Don't play the child with me."

I adjusted her with passion. "I swear to you by all I hold most sacred that you cruelly wrong both me and the man you love!"

She quivered, and stared at me sideways, her eyes flashing.

"How dare you say I love him?"

"You have dared to say things to me such as no one else on earth would have uttered. Why should I not dare? And I do say it—though it is nothing to me!"

For a moment she looked at me in silence, her bosom rising and falling under its soft summer laces and the bunch of purple orchids pinned in her dress. "Well," she spoke at last, more softly, "you are right. I confess it. For it may prove the touch of nature that will make us two kin for this one hour. I plead to you—I don't command. Save him—as I would save him, were I in your place—no matter how costly the sacrifice. You tell me I do you an injustice. Suppose I do. Yet would men of the world believe it—the men he has to deal with? Why, I came here in fear and trembling, praying I might do something. But I should have feared far more—always for John Bourke's future—I had feared that the girl I had heard of in this house was Sheila Cope."

"Again I don't understand," I said, miserably, my heart so cold that it seemed to freeze all flexibility from my voice. It sounded in my own ears like that of a very, very old woman.

"Now that you are quieter and gentler, I'll explain. Only, this time, you must promise to hear me through to the end without interruption. Will you do that?"

I nodded—for it was hard to speak.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Letter on the Typewriter.

"Everybody has been talking about Sheila Cope and her affairs," Lady Feo went on, carefully, as if she were piling up her indictment, word by word, choosing each as a builder might choose a stone. "You have made conversation at clubs and dinners, and doubtless in club rooms you have made paragraphs for papers. You began by being a popular debutante; you became a mystery; it remains to be seen how you will end. But don't speak yet."

"It was known that, by Lady Feo's failure to make a will, or something of that sort—such stories are always vague—you were no longer an heiress. Roger Cope came into everything. He was in love with me, of course. We all thought that, those who knew him and those who didn't; and he did not take the trouble to contradict it. He, or someone—it doesn't signify—gave out that you had gone to France to live with relations. But you disappeared such a short time ago that people haven't yet lost interest. They are on the qui vive to hear the next development."

"You are older than I am, but you must not speak to me like that," Lady Feo said. "It comes out that instead of being in France you are in his house, calling yourself Miss Harland, and wearing lovely white satin tea-gowns!"

"I shall cause the truth to be said!" I pleaded rather than protested.

"I would rather die than harm should come to him through my fault, after all his goodness to me. I was penniless and almost starving. Lady Feo so desperate that I was going to throw myself into the river, when he found me and brought me here, because I had nowhere else to go."

"All the worse for him, when the story is known. He will be called a scoundrel for taking advantage of your youth and helplessness."

"For giving me work—for leaving his home that it might be a refuge for me when I was too ill to be moved?"

"That won't be what his enemies will say."

"But if I tell all—myself?"

"Nobody would believe you. Naturally a girl, caught in such a web, would make things look as well for herself as she could. It wouldn't help him—or you. Believe me, for I know the world."

"What would you have me do?" I demanded, brokenly.

"I have told you. Go away."

"And I have said that I am going."

"To rooms of his taking. Oh, Sheila, I beg of you, for his sake, go far away from him, and leave no trace."

Now, indeed, I could control my tears no longer. They fell from my eyes like rain, and sobs choked my voice.

"Oh, can't I can't do that!" I cried. "I go without letting him know why or where? He would believe me"

ungrateful—he would believe horrible things that are not true."

"If he did, you should be unselfish enough to be glad. For it would spare him pain. And it would keep him from searching for you, which he might do otherwise, out of a conviction that it was his duty to see that you were safe."

"Perhaps you are lying to me!" I flung at her. "Perhaps you only want to get me out of the way."

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I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it a month, for it won't harm you anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state which Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia. Book No. 2 on the Heart. Book No. 3 on the Kidneys. Book No. 4 for Women. SHOOB, Box 23, Racine, Wis. Book No. 5 for Men (sealed). Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

ungrateful—he would believe horrible things that are not true."

"If he did, you should be unselfish enough to be glad. For it would spare him pain. And it would keep him from searching for you, which he might do otherwise, out of a conviction that it was his duty to see that you were safe."

"Perhaps you are lying to me!" I flung at her. "Perhaps you only want to get me out of the way."

Lady Feo Ringwood smiled. "You don't really think that. I am not afraid of you with John Bourke, my poor child."

I looked at her, and as my pain and jealousy accentuated her beauty, I told myself bitterly that she had no need to be afraid. She was like a young queen, in her exquisite dress and the black picture hat that contrasted with her auburn hair; "daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair." I was a little insignificant, my poor claims to prettiness paling beside her classic perfection.

"I saw," she continued, "from that old woman's reluctance to let me into the study that the Secret was there, and so I was determined to enter, for I had come to the house with a purpose. I expected to see some ordinary girl of no importance. I found you. I said to myself: 'Sir Roger Cope will kill John Bourke for this, or John will kill him!'"

"Roger Cope!" I ejaculated. "Always Roger Cope!"

"Yes, Roger Cope. But if he were the only one with whom Mr. Bourke will have to reckon it would not be so bad. I am so far from having led to you that certain political opponents, who would give ten years of their lives to have him under their feet, have arranged to set spies upon him. Anyone who rings at the door-bell may be a spy. Or the servants will be questioned. Proof is what they want. It is easy to get. Unless you go and hide yourself, here it has been foundally got. Are you brave enough? Do you love him enough for this?"

"I am grateful enough," I answered, haughtily.

"Then do it—quickly, before you change your mind and weaken; quickly, before it is too late. If you do this I shall believe in you and speak well of you always. Some day Jack himself shall know."

I shrank away from the gloved hand she laid on mine and shivered. I guessed the meaning cloaked by her words. She wished me to understand that some time in the future, when she was John Bourke's wife, and he was safe from all harm which I could do him, he should hear the truth about my going. Till then I must content myself to remain under a cloud—a cloud black and colder to my soul than the river from which I had been saved by him. And she called him "Jack."

"I will tell Mrs. Jennett that you have brought me news which makes it necessary for me to go away," I said, as firmly as I could. "And—I will leave no message for—Mr. Bourke."

"Ah, but that would be to defeat the end you seek to gain," Lady Feo answered, hastily. "Mr. Bourke must not know that I have had anything to do with your going—for his own sake he must not. If he took the idea into his head that you had been coerced in any way, he would certainly not stop to think of his own advantage, but would move heaven and earth till he had found you again, giving you back your position as his secretary—which perhaps you can ill afford to lose."

"I shall contrive to get on without it," I replied.

"You will let me help you, of course! It would be only fair, since by my advice you are giving up—your situation."

"I shall not need your help, thank you," I said. For I would not have taken anything from her to save myself from starving.

"I didn't mean you to go away without leaving word for Mr. Bourke," she went on, catching up the dropped thread with animation; for her offer of assistance had been but perfunctory and absent-minded. "It would be best to satisfy his mind that you had gone because it was your own wish, because you thought that you could better yourself from starving."

"Then, you see, his conscience would be at rest; he would be contented to let you alone; and the flame of scandal would presently die, let us hope, for lack of fuel."

"Very well, I daresay you are right," I rejoined, hopelessly. "I will write such a letter."

Lady Feo's hand rose nervously to her breast, toying with the orchids pinned among her laces. "Sheila," she said, betraying slight confusion, "would you—would you not, I suppose, let me

see the letter when it is written, and—advise you about it?"

I saw that she meant to persist if I showed signs of refusing her request, and I did not care to hold out against the suggestion. Since I was an obstacle in John Bourke's path up the hill of fame, I wished to remove myself in the way that would be best for him. I was ready to believe that Lady Feo Ringwood knew what the best way was, not so much because I considered her a wise and conscientious adviser, as because her revelations had forced me to certain deductions of my own.

John Bourke's words, which had made me so happy and hopeful only an hour or two ago, came back to me now, lurid in the light of a new meaning.

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"Dear Mr. Bourke," I wrote. "It is easier to write some things than to speak them. After all, I don't think that the life of a typewriter would suit me. I have grown restless and want a change." (How my heart smote me as my fingers told the falsehood!) "Perhaps I was foolish to choose poverty when I might have had all I could possibly wish for. So now I have changed my mind. Lest you should not approve, and I should be forced to argue my point (I'm not good at argument), I will not wait to hear what you think of this step I am taking, but will say farewell now. Thank you again for all your kindness, which I shall never cease to appreciate. But I shall be happier in a life more like that to which I was brought up. In that life we may meet again; and so this is good-bye."

Lady Feo's eyes followed each line as I typed it. "Well?" I said at last, when I took the paper from the machine to sign.

"It is very well indeed," she pronounced. "You have given exactly the impression that it is best to convey. You couldn't do better."

"I am glad you are satisfied," I said, in a stifled voice. I dipped a pen in an ink-pot standing near, then paused with it suspended. I had never signed the name which was really mine, "Jenny Harland," and to do so was repulsive. "I will not be Jenny," I said to myself; "not to him at least. In this one thing I will indulge my own wish. I shall sign myself 'Sheila.'"

I wrote the name hurriedly beneath the few typed paragraphs, folded the letter, and put it into an envelope, which I addressed to "John Bourke, Esq." I felt as if I had signed my own death warrant; but I wept no longer. A stony calmness had come to help me through the rest of this scene with Lady Feo Ringwood.

"When will he be here again?" she asked.

"Not till to-morrow," I informed her. "You are sure?"

"As sure as I can be of anything."

"That's good. I will go now, for, as I said, I must not be associated with this plan of yours. Presently, I suppose, you can make some excuse to that old woman—Mrs. Jennett, isn't it? You won't tell her that you are leaving for good?"

"No—no," I said, slowly. "Perhaps it would be better not. She has been very kind to me, and it is hateful to leave her so. But one hateful thing more or less doesn't matter much now."

"You are a brave girl, Sheila Cope," exclaimed Lady Feo. "It sounds conventional to say that Heaven will reward your selflessness, but, really, I believe it will."

"We won't talk about it, if you please," I said, my lips very stiff as I formed the words.

"At all events you must come to me afterwards. Not to my house, perhaps, for that might lead to awkwardness—one never can tell. Things happen so queerly. But we must make an appointment. This is a great responsibility I've undertaken, and I feel—"

"I don't feel," I cut her short, abruptly. "I shall be all right."

"Have you—do forgive me—but have you money?"

Her hand fluttered towards a dainty, gold-netted purse that she had laid with a lace film of handkerchief on Mr. Bourke's desk.

I stopped her with a gesture. "I know where to get money, thank you."

"Oh, very well. Of course you know your own affairs best. What else is there for me to say?"

"Nothing but—good day," I returned with a smile that was strained as the smile on a mask.

"I have been very frank, very outspoken, because I had to be so. But I hope you don't feel hard towards me?"

"I don't think that I—feel anything," I said.

"Well, then, good-bye."

I murmured something, and did not seem to see the hand which she held out—a great lady condescending to a misguided girl who had promised to mend her ways, and therefore deserved commendation. She gathered up her belongings and went to the door, then turned and looked at me anxiously.

"You won't change your mind and—stay after all? I may—trust you?"

My eyes flashed to hers.

"I am doing this, not for you but for

see the letter when it is written, and—advise you about it?"

I saw that she meant to persist if I showed signs of refusing her request, and I did not care to hold out against the suggestion. Since I was an obstacle in John Bourke's path up the hill of fame, I wished to remove myself in the way that would be best for him. I was ready to believe that Lady Feo Ringwood knew what the best way was, not so much because I considered her a wise and conscientious adviser, as because her revelations had forced me to certain deductions of my own.

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Mr. Bourke," I said. "I will not go back from my promise to myself."

"Then I do trust you."

She had the last word and so was gone.

Mechanically I began to put away the material on which I had been typing Mr. Bourke's article, which was to appear in the "Fortnightly Review." Never would I do any more work for him.

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Curious Bits of News.

Tubes of glass made by lightning are often found in sand. The electricity passes into the ground and melts the silicious material, forming little pipes, the inside diameter of which represents the "bore" of the "thunderbolt." Such tubes measuring as much as twenty-seven feet in length have been discovered.

The beauties of the New York custom house regulations were again illustrated the other day when an English Freemason, who arrived with his jeweled regalia, was charged full duty on it, and fined for omitting to declare that he had his regalia with him. He had come to take part in a celebration of the order in the United States.

One of the most curious lawsuits ever tried in France has been occupying the attention of the courts. At the last election M. le Provost de Launay, a Royalist senator, desired to have an organ. He went to the editor of a local newspaper, and hired the front page for two months for a given sum. His Republican opponent thought the idea a good one, and hired the second page, so that the readers of the "Journal de Ferguier" were treated on the first page to a eulogy of monarchy and on the second page to praise of the republic. M. de Launay lost the election, and is now suing its editor for breach of contract in leasing the second page to his opponent.

President John I. Sabin of the Chicago Telephone Company has made a popular hit by installing movable 'phones in fashionable restaurants. You do not have to leave the table to enjoy this luxury. "Waiter, bring me a telephone," is the only order necessary to have a fully equipped long-distance 'phone at your elbow. By simply ordering a telephone a guest may be placed in communication with New York or Denver, or any other city served by the Chicago Telephone Company, without moving from the table at which dinner or luncheon is being served. The new service is very simple. What is termed a "telephone spring-jack" is adjusted to the wall near the table, and when the telephone is ordered the waiter brings the instrument, inserting a plug in the "spring-jack," perfecting direct connection with the main telephone exchange.

As tamers and keepers of animals dark men never succeed, states the Philadelphia "Record." Visits to zoos and to menageries show them to be invariably fair fellows, with yellow or brown hair and with blue eyes. "Thus, at the Zoological Garden, in this city, there is not a keeper who is dark." John McMullen of the lion house has light hair, a yellow moustache and violet eyes. Lover of the wolves and foxes, is still more markedly blond, and in the antelope house, the snake house and the small mammal house light colors still prevail. One of the most pronounced blonds at the Zoo was John Thompson, who is now in Honolulu making casts of fishes for a museum there. Thompson was one of the most successful keepers the Zoo has ever had. Not only snakes and turtles (his specialty), but lions, foxes, wolves, deer and many other animals took to him naturally, and he was never scratched or bitten.

Misconceptions.

"A good story comes from Sydney," says the London "Globe," "where letters have been received from two American business firms asking whether communications to Australian merchants should be written in English or in the language of the country." It recalls an astonishing trade circular received a short time ago by a business firm in Glasgow from a German manufacturer, also written in what his versatile clerk had apparently taken for the language of the country. It was in the best "kailyard" style, and spoke of a "muckle consignment" of chemicals.

The Color Cure.

Now it is the color cure, and medicine men are recommending that their depressed and nervous patients should wear nothing but garments of red. Mr. Ruskin went so far as to say that all the people he had known who were morally and physically sound loved

Heart Disease.

Ninety Per Cent. of it Really Caused From Poor Digestion.

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach are both controlled by the same great nerves, the sympathetic and pneumogastric, and when the stomach fails to



properly digest the food and it lies in the stomach fermenting gases are formed which distend the organ, causing pressure on the heart and lungs, causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that the continued disturbance of the heart sooner or later may cause real organic heart trouble, and, in fact, frequently does so.

Furthermore, poor digestion makes the blood thin and watery and deficient in red corpuscles, and this further irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

Thousands of people keep well and vigorous by keeping their digestion perfect by observing the rule of taking one or two of these tablets after each meal, or at least after each hearty meal. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain U. S. P. pepsin, diastase from malt and other natural digestives which act only on the food, digesting it perfectly and preventing acidity, gases, and the many diseased conditions which accompany a weak stomach.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used you may know you are not taking into the system any strong medicine or powerful drug, but simply the natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks.

So widely known and popular have these tablets become that they are now sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

The Old-Age Habit.

"FOR why would I look old, darling? Answer me that, now!"

Mrs. Mullaly demanded. She had been Honora Costigan formerly, Mrs. Morris's loving and faithful house-girl; but that was twenty years earlier. Mistress and maid had been at opposite ends of the earth in the meantime, and the mistress, who had noticeably aged, felt almost a shock of resentment at sight of the plump and buxom Nora she used to know.

"Sure, I've had me bad times and me good times, like the rest of the world," Mrs. Mullaly went on, reflectively. "But, glory be! before the bad times quite finished me the good times always came again—me always leaving the door ajar to let them in, d'ye mind?"

"I am older; I feel it sometimes in me poor back; but I'm not old. Whisper, darling, it ain't the years that go over; it's the heart that's inside that changes the faces of us."

"Was a cousin of mine that taught me the truth of it, this long ago. She begun to be old the day she was born, did Katie, and when she was fourteen, looking and acting twenty, 'twas a great help to her. But when she was twenty, 'I'm getting on!' says she. When she was twenty-five, 'No,' says she to Johnny Walsh, that came a-courting, 'I'm too old and settled in me habits to be marrying.' Then when she was thirty nothing would do her but to get wid the old women and talk of the time when she and they was young."

"So the heart of her went into the face of her. It did so! I mind when she was thirty about and me over twenty, we went together one day to a big new hotel to get work. A good worker was Katie. But the boss he looked us up and looked us down and asked his questions, and then says he, 'I'll give you a trial, my girl,' says he to me. 'But as for you,' he says to Katie, 'it's young, strong, lively women we want,' says he, 'and I'm thinking you're after mistaking this for the Old Ladies' Home, which,' says he, 'is in the next block.'"

"O-ho!" says I to meself at that. 'Am I going out to hunt for wrinkles and rheumatism before me own mother gets gray in her hair? No,' says I, and 'twas then I begun to toss me birthdays over me shoulder as fast as they came. They're all behind me, glory be! where I can't fall over them."

"Whisper, darling," Mrs. Mullaly added, impressively, "old age is a bad habit, like drinking, and if ye give way to it ye won't so easy break it off. Sure, there's a new year every twelve months, but that can't make ye an old woman—never, darling, until ye're willin' to be!"

A good pun is rather uncommon, but a joke that may be so described was made recently by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, to whom some advocates of an Anglo-American alliance had appealed for an emblematic flower. Mr. Carnegie promptly suggested the dandelion, urging that the American "dandy," in the shrewd, Yankee business sense of the term, joined with the British "lion," would result in a blossom which must rule the world.

bright color; that the yellow hues of a canary were enlivening to behold, and that it was enough merely to see a huntsman in his "pink" to give you courage to take a ditch yourself."—"Ladies' Field."

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The Royal Military College.

THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College at Kingston. At the same time its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving the highest technical instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of Canadian Militia. In fact, it is intended to take the place in Canada of the English Sandhurst and Sandhurst and the American West Point.

The Commandant and Military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

While the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the system. As a result of it young men acquire habits of obedience and self-control and consequently of self-reliance and command, as well as experience in controlling and handling their fellows.

In addition, the constant practice of gymnastics, drills and out-door exercises of all kinds, ensures good health and fine physical condition. An experienced medical officer is in attendance at the College daily.

Five commissions in the Imperial regular army are annually awarded as prizes to the cadets.

The length of course is three years, in three terms of 9 months' residence each. The total cost of the three years' course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is from \$750 to \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College will take place at the headquarters of the several military districts in which candidates reside, in May of each year.

For full particulars of this examination, or for any other information, application should be made as soon as possible, to the Adjutant General of Militia, Ottawa, Ont.

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THE DRAMA

ROBERT B. MANTELL is an actor who constantly hovers on the borderland of acknowledged greatness, yet never seems able to definitely put a period to his pilgrimage through the wilderness and cross over into the promised land. Mr. Mantell has rare gifts, which he uses sometimes with telling force, but he has all the defects of his virtues, and unexpectedly his best work is marred by some exaggeration in manner, some unconscious distortion of a perhaps admirable idea. Mr. Mantell, I think, is too anxious to take his audience into his inner confidence. He places a low estimate on the intelligence of the play-going public; hence, he is sometimes fearfully and wearisomely obvious. He needs to be more subtle.

Take, for example, his "Richard the Third." In many respects it is a great creation, true to nature's self—if indeed there can be any natural conception of so monstrous and abnormal a character as Shakespeare has painted Gloucester. But while Mr. Mantell is powerful in many of the scenes, the role at times becomes pure comedy in his hands. When Richard communes aside with his own diabolical mind, also when he dissembles his infernal motives under the cloak of love or religion or loyalty, Mr. Mantell is positively funny; the people think he means to be funny, and they laugh. But does he really mean to be funny? I think not. I think he only wants to make it perfectly clear to everybody in the house that Richard is playing the hypocrite and does not at all feel the lofty sentiments or entertain the noble purposes that his tongue so glibly professes. I, for one, do not believe this point needs to be made clear to anybody. Everyone understands it perfectly from the outset. And the humor of the passages in question is much more sardonic and in keeping with the hellish character of Richard if he is assumed to be entirely unconscious of the least trace of humor. But Mr. Mantell thinks otherwise. He thinks it is necessary to indicate plainly to the house that Richard is "foxing." Believing this, whether he believes or not that Richard was conscious of the grim humor of the situations, Mr. Mantell must of necessity play the passages in a double spirit—one spirit towards the audience and another spirit towards the characters on the stage. He must practice such grimaces, smirks, sneers and leers as will certainly convey to the gallery that Richard is "putting up a job." And, as I have said, the result of this wretched obviousness is that a play farthest removed from comedy frequently descends into that region.

This is sufficient to indicate one line along which Mr. Mantell merits criticism. But there are many lines on which he deserves only praise. And whatever his defects are, he keeps pegging away with most admirable persistence at the classic drama, refusing to be seduced into the bidding for cheap notoriety on the basis of sensationalism. He carries with him this time a larger company and is giving more costly productions than usual. His repertoire for the week at the Grand has included two performances of "Richard III.," two of "Richelieu," one each of "Hamlet," "The Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Othello."

"In the Biograph" controlled the big type on the Shea this week, and proved to be a "moving" picture in more senses than two. It is a farce of the variety usually billed as "roaring," and is full of action and funny situations. Mr. Wilfred Clarke, who is responsible for the writing of the piece, appears as Dr. Mole, the principal character in the presentation, and the roars of laughter he drew from the audience were the best proof of his ability as a comedian. The Tossing Austins opened up the bill with a splendid juggling act, which had just enough of the burlesque in it to keep the people amused. The xylophone solos of Miss Lillie Western are among the best things that come to Shea's. The acrobatic act of the nine Nelsons was as much appreciated as ever; the part contributed by the children was specially good and well deserving of the applause it received. The Quaker City Quartette, in their skit called "Fun in a Barber Shop," contributed twenty minutes of good entertainment. The Baileys, colored entertainers; the two sisters O'Meers, tight wire specialists; and the World's Trio, were the other acts on a bill that was uniformly good throughout.

The Lulu Glaser Opera Company in "Dolly Varden" have had a successful second week at the Princess Theater.

and go from here to New York. Richie Ling, the leading tenor, as was previously announced, retired from the company at the end of last week, and pending the arrival of Albert Parr, the Canadian singer, who has resigned the post of leading tenor of the Bostonians to succeed Mr. Ling, an understudy, Edwin Baker, filled the role of Captain Harcourt with credit to himself.

Some one sends me a newspaper clipping from which I gather that there is something more than a mere probability of Harold Jarvis joining Frank L. Perley's opera company to sing in "The Fortune Teller." Mr. Jarvis is said to have received many tempting offers to go on the operatic stage, but up to the present has been proof against the most seductive.

Mrs. Scott Raff has gone to New York, where she will be heard in Shakespearean recital. Mrs. Scott Raff will visit the Women's Schools of Expression in Philadelphia, New York, and Vassar College gymnasium, during the next three weeks.

Mrs. Fiske, in an interview in her husband's paper, the "Dramatic Mirror," says that the most trying of all her first nights was that of "Becky Sharp." "The only thing," says she, "that really succeeded in that initial performance was the melodramatic scene of the midnight supper—the one banal incident in the book, and the least valuable incident of the play. The great value of Mr. Mitchell's dramatization lay in the brilliant comedy of the earlier acts and the enchanting humor of the last act. Therefore I am frequently dismayed at seeing, to this day, an occasional reference to the 'great scene' of 'Becky Sharp'—the scene referred to being the merely melodramatic situation at the end of the third act." It looks like a bit of cant for Mrs. Fiske to speak of the notorious scene with Lord Steyne as the one banal and least valuable incident in "Becky Sharp." Both dramatist and actress certainly placed their utmost stress upon this highly suggestive scene, without which the play would have been utterly inane. Its position in the third act, its strong coloring and the logic of the entire construction were evidently designed to make a sensation of the bargaining for a woman's virtue. Mrs. Fiske can surely not be honestly surprised that the public everywhere took the scene at the valuation of herself and her dramatist as the chief thing in the play.

Santos-Dumont and Marconi are not the only fellows who can spring unexpected marvels on the "twen cent" public. Dr. John Duncan Quackenbos, whose name is delightfully suggestive of charlatanism, but who is a staid professor of psychology in Columbia University, revealed the new miracle at a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society. He told of a young actress who a few months ago won fame in a single night while under the spell of hypnotic suggestion. He put the spell upon her himself, after she had come to him a sufferer from stage fright at the very threshold of her career. Under the influence that he imparted to her "she appeared in a new play in a Broadway theater, under the management of one of the greatest managers in the country." Her success was instant and remarkable. Interviewed after his statement, Dr. Quackenbos said, with reference to the case: "I applied principles that are not entirely new. As the time for her first night drew near she became attacked with stage fright, and her manager brought her to me as a last resort. In her case I studied her part in the play, and as near as it was possible for me to do so, saturated myself with its spirit. She was to visit me three times. She made two visits, and on each of these occasions I put her into an hypnotic sleep, and while she was in this state I impressed upon her by the power of suggestion that she was actually the character that she was to portray. I filled her with the idea that she was superior to her surroundings, and brought out by suggestion every dramatic capability that had lain dormant within her. I impressed upon her that her acting throughout would be consistent with her interpretation of the heroine of the play in which she was to take part, and would be sincere and natural in its tone. After two sleeps she became imbued with absolute confidence, and, refusing a third treatment, went before the footlights a consummate mistress of her art. She was not in a trance the night she made her first appearance, and I was not even present in the theater, but the subliminal force in her being had been made for the time the dominant force, and her self-consciousness was completely obliterated. That is all there is in the treatment. The operator brings into activity the dormant psychic power in the subject. Hypnotic suggestion will not give a man knowledge, it simply enables him to comprehend things that he has known, but half forgotten; it will bring to his fingers' ends all the knowledge he has ever had, and inspires him with an overwhelming confidence in himself."

Beerholm Tree is rehearsing Stephen Phillips' Homeric play, "Ulysses," for production at Her Majesty's Theater, London.

"A Trip to Buffalo," the merry vaudeville extravaganza which ran fourteen consecutive weeks at the Academy Theater in Buffalo, will be presented at the Grand Opera House next week. The piece seems especially well adapted to meet the requisites of people with a liking for good, clean comedy, catchy music, handsome scenery, and beautiful costumes. It tells a connected story that is not burdensome with complicated plot and admits of the logical in-

roduction of a number of vaudeville acts. The music is by William Lorraine, composer of "Salome," an instrumental composition now in great demand. The book is by Harry B. Marshall, author of a number of successful farces and comedies. The company is practically the same as furnished the fun for crowded houses during the run in Buffalo and includes forty people, selected for special abilities in the parts assigned. The scenery and costumes are notably elaborate, particularly in the third act, when the action takes place on the Pan-American Exposition grounds. The illumination and Midway scenes are faithfully produced and the act constitutes a moving review of the famed "avenue of fun" of the Exposition.

Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, in the new play, "Her Lord and Master," will be the next offering at the Princess. "The Flaming Arrow" is to be the contemporary attraction at the Toronto. Shea's Theater next week will have Eugene Sandow, the strong man, as its headliner, with many other features of a novel character.

In speaking editorially on "clean drama," a Milwaukee paper has paid a very flattering compliment to Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon's new play, "Her Lord and Master," which is to be produced here next week. This editor writes that "Her Lord and Master" is a fair example of the fact that a play may be written without the least touch of impropriety in language or suggestion, and yet please an audience. In this play there is no villain, no adventurism and no crime. The various situations which are developed hold the audience to closest attention, yet the play is clean from start to finish, besides carrying with it its moral and lesson in life without tediousness and preaching, showing that risqué situations are not a necessity to a play and that wholesome life can be portrayed upon the stage with success." This is only one of many of the glowing compliments paid the new play, and coming as it does after a long line of dramatized novels, it should meet with the same success here that it has had elsewhere.

Cissy Loftus, who has been playing to E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King," will join Sir Henry Irving's company in the spring.

Notes From the Capital.

Dull Holiday Season Owing to Mild Weather.—Lord and Lady Minto's Christmas Guests.—Mr. C. E. Harriss' New Mass.—Proposed Memorial to Lord Ave.—Christmas Arrivals and Departures.—An Engagement Announced.

THE Christmas season has been most uncommonly dull, and visitors to Ottawa must certainly think that as a city of gaiety this one has been overrated. Even the children home for the holidays do not seem to have had quite as jolly a time as in other years, at least one hears of few large parties given for them. One given by Mrs. Fred Powell for her son, Master Guy French, on Friday night of last week was the most important dance in juvenile circles, and yet the guests at it numbered not more than sixty.

The only teas given last week in fashionable circles were teas on Thursday and Friday afternoons at the residence of Mr. Justice Burbridge, both in honor of his young married daughter, Mrs. Ormesby, who, with her husband, arrived on Christmas Eve from England, and spent Christmas with Judge and Mrs. Burbridge. The Thursday tea was a gathering of married ladies, but on the following day the girl friends of the bride were invited to meet her. On both occasions Mrs. Ormesby wore her white wedding gown. Mr. and Mrs. Ormesby left on Sunday last for their new home in St. Paul.

One reason for the dullness of a season that ought to be gay, is, no doubt, the mild weather. Since Christmas something very like a thaw has been in progress, and so the outdoor sports which in winter are always a large part of Ottawa gaiety, are impossible. Last Monday night was to have been the formal opening of the Rideau Rink by an At Home given by the Countess of Minto. Cards had been out some time for it, but on Monday morning the ice was decidedly sloppy, and the party was called off. So uncertain, indeed, was the prospect of ever having winter again that no other night was appointed, and it is only "hoped" that the opening party may take place before the end of the week.

Lord and Lady Minto had a large house party for Christmas, and several more guests were with them for the New Year festivities. At Government House, of course, there is always some sort of festivity. Lieut.-Colonel Kitson and Mrs. and Miss Kitson came up from Washington to spend Christmas at Government House. They stopped a few days in Kingston on their way, and were there the guests of Major and Mrs. Reade in the quarters they themselves formerly occupied at the Royal Military College. Mrs. Dodge of New York arrived the end of last week at Government House. Miss Hall of Montreal was there from Saturday to Wednesday, and Hon. Lionel Guest, second son of Lord Wimborne, joined the party in time for the coming in of the New Year. It is a trifle disappointing to invite people from England or the Southern States to Canada for a jolly Christmas and then to have

nothing to make it different from Christmas anywhere else. The amusements have all to be of an indoorish nature.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Harriss returned early this week from Buffalo, where at midnight mass, in Holy Angels' Church, the mass composed by Mr. Harriss was sung. Mr. Harriss directed the choir himself, and Ottawa people are all very pleased to hear such good accounts of this new composition. Steps are being taken to have the mass sung in one of the Ottawa churches, perhaps in the form of a sacred concert, when a collection would be taken up for some well-known charity. The Victorian Order, or rather the cottage hospitals of that order, and the Ottawa General Hospital (Roman Catholic) are mentioned. As yet, however, nothing has been settled definitely.

Miss Lilian Dainty, who was so seriously ill, has now recovered, and one often sees her out driving in the afternoons, looking very pretty, though still rather delicate. The doctors had not thought her sufficiently recovered to go, as she and her mother and sister had intended, to Cobourg to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhugh, so she is still the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Harriss, at Earncliffe.

Mrs. Stanley Maude returned a day or two before Christmas from California. Her cousin, Lady Adelaide Taylor, has returned with her, and is once more a guest at Rideau Cottage.

A movement is on foot among the friends of the late Lord Ave, and they are many in Ottawa, to have a mural tablet erected to his memory in St. Bartholomew's Church, New Edinburgh. There is already in that pretty little church a tablet erected to the memory of Lord Ave's aunt, Mrs. Russell Stephenson, put up by his mother, the Marchioness of Dufferin. As a little boy Lord Ave sat in a large front pew of St. Bartholomew's Church, the pew which is always reserved for Government House—and the tablet will overlook that pew. The unveiling ceremonies will be done by the Countess of Minto.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier got back at the beginning of the week from Arthabaskville. Hon. C. H. Mackintosh was in town for Christmas, having arrived a day or two before from England. His good-looking daughters are still wearing black for their brother, who died about a year ago in South Africa, and so are missed from the larger forms of social gaiety. Miss Sybil Seymour of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Frank Clemow. Mrs. Westhead of Lacombe, N.W.T., arrived from England this week, and is stopping over a few days in Ottawa as the guest of Sir Sandford Fleming. Miss Carrie Higginson of England is also Sir Sandford's guest. Mr. and Mrs. George Major of the Place Viger, Montreal, were the guests over Christmas of Sir James and Lady Grant. Miss Coffin of Montreal and her niece, Miss Pauline Carrier, came up to spend Christmas and New Year's with Mr. Coffin, manager of the Quebec Bank. Mr. Almon of Halifax, a cadet from the Royal Military College, is also spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Coffin. Mrs. W. E. Phillips is here from Kingston, but leaves the end of the week. Her husband managed to get down just for Christmas day, and was welcomed by many old friends at a delightful afternoon tea on Christmas, which is an annual affair at Mrs. Fred White's residence. It is a party where young and old unite, and where the games and dances are of the good old-fashioned style in which real merriment prevails, and where everybody, no matter whether seven or twenty-seven, has a thorough good time. Miss Millie White, Lieut.-Colonel Fred White's second daughter, is a nurse in the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, but she came up to Ottawa for the day, and so was present at this party.

Several engagements have been announced in Ottawa since Christmas, and one of them is Miss Gwendoline Grant's engagement to Mr. Cassils of Montreal. Mr. Cassils is a son of Mr. John Cassils of Montreal.

AMARYLLIS.

Marconi at Ottawa.

"Hov' ye heard," says Jerry Phalen to his son-in-law, Tim Whalen. "Of the latest things that's happ'nin' at Ottawa, ye mind?" "Naw," says Tim. "I hov'n't, truly—Hov' they knighted Mr. Dooley?" Has Laurier sint fer Costigan, or Creme de Mint resigned?"

"Aw g'wan!" says Jerry Phalen to his son-in-law, Tim Whalen: "Ye're kiddin' me, ye spalpeen! Whisht! It's worse nor that, me b'y. There's a fellow called Marcooney—He's a banshee, else he's loney! With his kites an' devil's rubbish tiligraftin' through the sky."

"Sure it's witchcraft—leastways tra-ason To all common sinse or ra-ason. Why, ye'd call fer holy wather if he came a mile from you. But they've intertained the haythen And hov' pledged their solemn faith in His divilment—the Dago! Faugh! An English Dago, too!"

"Now, whin Redmond hild his meetin's An' rayveced the cordial greetin's Of the Gover'mint at Ottawa, it made me owld heart swell. But this Signur Marcoaroni To be blameyed like a crony— It's an insult to the Irish, Tim, an' deadly sin as well."

J. A. T.



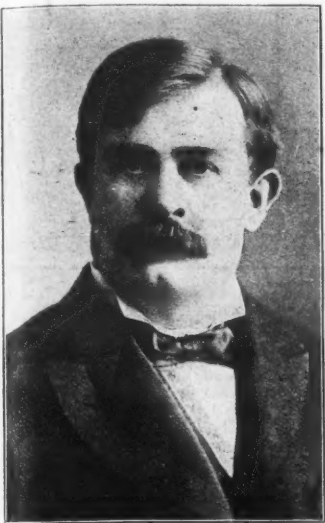
YOUR PICK OF THE BUNCH—"OLLIE," "CHOLLY" OR "BILLY"?

A Tour of the Churches

No. 7.
How the Casual Visitor Is Impressed
BY "DON."

Rev. James L. Gordon.

IN the Bond Street Congregational Church last Sunday night my friend and I were about to be satisfied with a pew under the gallery, to the left of the pulpit, when a gentleman who happened to be an usher and an old friend came over and rewarded our modesty by giving us a better seat in the tabernacle immediately in front of the reading-desk. The reading and church-going public of Toronto is too well acquainted with this "church of the stranger" to require any description of the bright auditorium where visitors are so numerous and the religiously homeless congregate in such numbers. The brave and energetic band of workers who have always succeeded in making Bond Street so attractive have gone through enough vicissitudes to have wearied and discouraged the majority of church managers.



REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

They are known, however, to be good judges of sermons, and have the reputation of not being satisfied with anything but the best—in point of popular attractiveness—at least. Even the hymn-books, specially prepared for the use of those attending the church, indicate a desire to please, are called Songs for the People, and are of the Moody and Sankey variety, well known in Sunday schools, to the emotionally religious and to those who sing lively hymns on Sunday night mainly for amusement. The choir, it seemed to me, had very little to do, the large congregation pretty well attending to all the singing except the two solos, none of the words of the first of which did I catch except "Abide with me," while the latter, "O my Redeemer," was so evidently "Juanita" with a new set of words that my mind wandered with the latter song:

"Far o'er the mountains
Softly falls the Southern moon;
Soft o'er the fountains
Breaks the day too soon."

When a stoutly built man in the prime of life and without anything clerical in the cut of his garments entered the pulpit, I at once recognized that he was a practiced speaker, thoroughly self-possessed and not at all afraid of his audience. His announcement of the hymns, his reading of the numerous notices, and his prayer, displayed not only a deep, pleasant voice, but a thorough though not obtrusive knowledge of how to use it, and had I heard him speak at a secular gathering I should have thought him a politician of note belonging to the other side of the line. His frequent applications of his handkerchief to his face indicated no nervousness, but rather a habit which suggested that he was either bored or was concentrating his mind upon his approaching address. His reading of the 24th and 50th Psalms was unusually good, but it struck me that with his voice and knowledge of elocution both could have been read even better and have been made marvelously effective. Only those who have heard a selection from the Psalms carefully and elaborately given can appreciate the wonderful beauty and superlative grandeur of the exalted sentences. Not in one instance out of a thousand are they read, even by good readers, with the sometimes deliberate, somnolent or ecstatic intonation so necessary to the complete exposition of their full beauty. The words of the Almighty to Joshua, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life" (Joshua i. 5), were given by the speaker as his text, and repeated by him again and again with a force and inflection singularly impressive, and recurring as they did with great frequency, proved the power of a well-selected text in the mouth of an accomplished preacher. I do not recall any instance of greater textual force in a somewhat extended experience in listening to sermons by a great variety of preachers. Even the triteness of the selection—for probably but few preachers have omitted this text from their repertoire—did not diminish the pleasure with which I listened to its artistic use. The brief sketch of Joshua's greatness as a soldier, a leader of men and an administrator was given with a power that again suggested the politician, and the speaker's able effort to analyze the great leader's character as to the source of his strength reminded me of one of those deliberate but fervid speeches that one often hears at a great nominating convention in the neighboring Republic. I do not know that Mr. Gordon was ever a politician—in fact, I know nothing of his history—but I am quite sure that he would have made an exceedingly clever one.

He made the audience, as it were, enquire if it were not Joshua's great self-possession which gave him his power over the people, and in considering this point he made it manifest that he thoroughly appreciated the strength which comes to the one who has himself well in hand—a strength, by the way, which he, as a speaker, possesses in abundance. In this connection he spoke of Napoleon's fatal and fatalistic confidence in his destiny, and the steadiness with which he was in the habit of posing while bullets rained thick about him. I was not aware that great generals as a rule, or Napoleon in particular, were in the habit of getting so near the shot and shell, but it answered the purpose of an illustration, and was in fact the only one he used relating to war, not drawn from United States history. The sermon was evidently an old one, and had been written for an audience fond of the Stars and Stripes. Paul Jones is not one of the heroes of the British people, and it was not in the best of taste to revive the memory of his many famous fights with the British by using him as an illustration. There are many men with whom Canadians are more familiar than General McClellan, whose "perfectly drilled troops" and whose failure to do what Grant afterwards did, as an illustration of the conflict between the North and the South, were inopportune because, to his hearers, it was not "the" war, but merely "a" war, and his use of the battle-cries "On to Richmond" and "On to Washington" was particularly inappropriate, as in our politics one of the leading parties was at one time accused of too much "looking to Washington." In a subject referring to battles, Mr. Gordon forgot that he was speaking to a British people just now perhaps unduly excited by the war spirit of the empire, ignored our liking to hear ourselves spoken of, and omitted any reference in his illustrations to the conflicts

which are a part of newspaper reading and of what we consider our proud history. In an illustration referring to an epidemic he spoke of Sullivan County, New York I think it was, where "dip" (diphtheria)—thrice repeated—was prevalent—a disease the name of which, according to the dictionaries of this country, is pronounced di-thi-ria—and in referring to music used the regimental bands of the Northern army to point a moral. Even travelling theatrical companies coming to Toronto have learned by experience the prudence of localizing their "gags" and topical songs and nationalizing their political references, and I have no doubt that the "power" of his discourses would be increased if he showed this much consideration for our national prejudices. Possibly he might drop with profit to himself his slight but peculiarly Yankee pronunciation of such words as "power" and "haour," for his English is exceedingly good in every other respect. Possibly Mr. Gordon is a Canadian—I never make enquiries, judging a speaker solely as I hear him—but he has certainly lived in some locality where they speak of cows as "keows," and he now has a good opportunity to drop what is not considered a desirable accomplishment, even in cultured New England. These trifling criticisms, which I shall be surprised if Mr. Gordon does not drop me a note thanking me for, are about the only ones I have to make, for his sermon, though not strikingly original, was good in construction, material, purpose, delivery and effect.

After considering the various attributes of a great leader, such as wisdom, courage, strength, the power to make and to adhere to a plan, and finding nothing among them that has ever made any leader of whom it could be said "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life," he pointed out that God's presence and help alone had been able to make him so invincible, and it was because God had said "As I was with Moses so I will be with thee" that Joshua was so great. This brought to the front the advertised title of the sermon, "The Secret Out," a poor one it seems to me, for surely it was no new discovery; for generations it has been no secret to church-going people that God's help alone is able to make us to stand and to keep us from falling. If the speaker's rhetorical skill in the use of his text throughout his discourse was great, so also was the climax, in which he introduced that other grand and much-used passage, Joshua xxiv. 15 "Choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." As I came away the force and appropriateness of the sermon remained with me, and I thought of his reference to the end of the year, the retrospect of the resolutions of the season, and his solemn and vibrant tones, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Again I felt I had been well preached to. Neither advice nor warning nor the invitation of the Gospel message had been omitted, and the faces of the listening audience lingered with me as if the others had also paused for a moment to think if they might not profitably declare, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."



Financial Failure of the Buffalo Fake.

THE magnitude of the failure of the Pan-American Exposition is now commencing to be understood outside of Buffalo, and as the facts leak out it becomes painfully evident that the Tin-Pan, like so many enterprises of its kind, has left a haunting ghost that will not down. Shortly after the close of the show on November 1st, it was found that the deficit amounted to \$2,000,000. The principal asset of the company consisted of the buildings, and for these a Chicago house-wrecking company offered \$93,000, which bid was accepted. Before the wrecking company could begin the work of demolition, a large number of contractors and other creditors, who had long waited in vain for their money, filed liens upon the buildings. The wrecking company therefore refused to carry out the terms of its contract. There is in addition a first mortgage indebtedness upon the buildings of \$174,079, and a second mortgage indebtedness of \$500,000. This money was nearly all advanced by wealthy citizens of Buffalo, who had been prepared to sacrifice their claims, but were so incensed at the conduct of the contractors and other creditors in blocking the sale of the wreckage, that they threatened to foreclose the mortgages and put the buildings under the hammer, when much less would be realized than was offered by the Chicago company. A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" asserts that those who backed the enterprise with their cash are cursing the day the idea was born. Meanwhile a delegation of Buffalo's first citizens has been knocking at the doors of Congress for a donation of \$1,000,000 to help square away the deficit—an appeal that is meeting with stubborn opposition



LANDMARKS OF TORONTO—No. 1.

from the West and South. The Sheriff of Erie County, with a large force of deputies, has been in possession of the "Rainbow City," medals, etc., have not been handed out, and the end is not yet.

The Norfolk Jacket's Return to Favor.

ACCORDING to the New York "Sun," the Norfolk jacket for men is working back into popular favor by way of the golf links, and as fashions move in cycles, possibly another year or two may restore this style of coat to the general use and abuse of it which marked its introduction more than fifteen years ago. As a modified form of the shooting coat it has long been popular in England, and it was taken up here when tennis first began to boom and the players wore knickerbockers and Norfolk jackets. The coat was a novelty, and within two or three years men who follow the fashions in these matters, and who did not wear a Norfolk jacket, either with trousers or knickerbockers, were rare. It was even constructed of goods suitable only for more formal dress, and it was worn on all sorts of occasions until it became so common that it lost favor. It was simply worn to a finish, and in recent years very few such coats have been worn, even with bicycle suits. Some of the crack golf players have been wearing Norfolk jackets, and during this past summer an occasional man would appear in one in the down-town district of New York. These "occasional" men are usually the forerunners of the crowd, and we are likely to have another season or two of Norfolk jackets, without regard to their particular use.

Caught Napping.

LAS! how slight a thing is fame, when a renowned writer's publishers, in announcing a new work from his pen, can make the most egregious blunder in the matter of his position in the literary and scholastic world. In "Harper's Weekly" of recent date appeared a full-page advertisement of a book to be issued by the great publishing house of Harper Brothers and Company. Professor Goldwin Smith is one of the contributors, and the advertisement stated under an antiquated portrait, representing him as he was a generation ago, that "Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of History at the University of Toronto, writes on free thought." Now it may be news to the learned editor of the Harper publications that Mr. Goldwin Smith, though a citizen of Toronto, does not occupy a chair in the University of Toronto, nor ever did so. This is a case of stupid but quite amusing blundering in a simple but significant matter of detail.

Shocking Depravity.

IN her childhood, Harriet Beecher Stowe was firmly convinced that the most daring, reckless and frightful thing she could do would be to say "damn." She became so possessed and haunted with the dread of the unknown terrors that would overwhelm a little girl who dared to utter that awful word, that at last she could endure the fascination of the terror no longer, and she went to her room, locked herself in, climbed into the middle of the feather bed, lay still, shut her eyes, opened her mouth, and said the wicked word. Then, according to her own account, she lay and waited in an agony of terror for what was to befall her. Her latest expectation was that the ceiling would fall down. She waited and waited and waited. Nothing happened, and at last the monotony of the situation tired her and she got off the bed a very disappointed little madcap girl.

The Wreck of Faith.

The Bishop of Zululand tells a dramatic little tale of the men of — (a Boer village in South Africa). The whole village was abandoned; at the last minute, when all was ready, the young men fired their rifles at the cross upon their church, in token of their bitter thought that God had forsaken them. Bred up in the strictest sect of Calvinism, the Boers have, hundreds of them (says the Bishop), been filled with the deepest conviction that the Almighty was on their side, and that they were therefore bound to win. The deeper their convictions and the firmer their faith, so much the more complete must needs be the wreck of their belief when they realize their defeat. Obviously, the need of the rising generation of Boers will be a faith that does not depend for its vitality upon getting all you want just in the way you want it.

"Les Sportmans."

If France has given England the vocabulary of cooking, England has given France the vocabulary of sport. Looking through "Le Velo," I came across in one number: "le record-man," "l'overhand stroke," "le boxe," "le cross-country," "les sportmans," "le touristman," "le handicap," "le jockey," "le yacht," "le sweepstakes"—The "Traveller."

The "Vocal Physiologist" says that "more money is thrown away on the education of the human voice than on the support of government. Of every 10,000 voices one may be listened to without pain; of every 100,000 voices one may be listened to with patience; of every 1,000,000 voices one may be listened to with satisfaction; of every 10,000,000 voices one may be listened to with sensations of joy."

Papers That "Stand Clear."

THE Ripley "Express" lately announced its determination to "keep clear of party politics," and the Kincardine "Review" rises up to say that this "is a very wise thing for a newspaper to do that has a field all to itself."

Why is it a very wise thing? Is there nothing in party politics as we find them in Canada, calling for bold convictions and the bold statement of convictions? Is the course proposed by the Ripley "Express" and followed by hundreds of country newspapers wise, merely because it is a weak way of dodging a duty that might sometimes become unpleasant, might sometimes involve misunderstanding, unpopularity and loss, and might conceivably lead under imaginable circumstances to the dividing of a field that the paper has hitherto enjoyed "all to itself?"

There are party politics in a narrow sense. From these the small rural weekly that caters to a mixed constituency is not only wise, but bound, to keep clear. But there are politics—"party politics" if you will—in a broader sense. There are questions of right and wrong, of justice and injustice, of truth and untruth, calling for courageous discussion by informed and thinking minds such as the editors of newspapers are invariably regarded as having. Party politics of the mean, bigoted, contracted and demoralizing sort are not only bad for the country newspaper, but bad for everyone. Politics of the other kind are a part of the free citizen's duty; a part of the free newspaper's highest privilege and function.

The city press is often charged with being venal. There are city newspapers whose editorial policy is dictated too largely from the business office. But the city newspaper that advocates a particular policy, with its eye on a fat advertising contract, is not more venal than its little rural contemporary that is always colorless and emasculated because it fears to offend a vague Somebody in its constituency. The excuse of both is that they "cannot afford to antagonize So-and-so." No more wretched lie was ever spoken. Every man can always afford to do right and to speak the truth, without regard to the cost. No one can afford to do injustice or make a lie, let the immediate reward be what it may.

If the press is frequently sneered at and generally distrusted by a great many people, the fault is as much with the rural paper that "keeps clear of party politics" and everything else of debatable character, as it is with the rare city paper whose opinions are actually for sale to the highest bidder. It will generally be found that the country weekly that "keeps clear of party politics" also keeps clear of all matters, local or otherwise, where it might be dangerous to have opinions. Large success is not won in this way. The really progressive and prosperous papers everywhere, in country places as well as in large centers of population, are those that have an individuality, that honestly stand for something, even though it be a fallacy.

LANCER.

"Thou Shalt Not Marry."

IF a bill which is being offered in the Austrian Reichsrath becomes law, persons who desire to marry must submit to medical examination to ascertain whether their state of health gives them the right to be wedded or to become parents. A young couple under such circumstances would as definitely require medical certificates as birth certificates or licenses, and it would be as illegal for anyone to conduct wedding formalities in the absence of this evidence of good health. Why not? The isolation of those with contagious diseases is comparatively a new system which works greatly in favor of public health. True, it is the cause of considerable hardship and loneliness, but it is so evidently for the public good that people who at first rebelled, now yield as a matter of course, and demand of others a strict compliance with the law. That people physically unfit to marry should be isolated is a natural outcome of paternal government, and it is certainly everybody's business to prevent the propagation of the physically unfit, for such offspring becomes either directly or indirectly a burden of the whole people. There is, of course, a very serious objection to this theoretically proper enactment—the difficulty of enforcing it. It will not be so difficult to prevent the physically unfit from marrying as it will be to prevent them from propagating the race without the formality of a marriage. The whole tendency of civilized countries has been to simplify and cheapen the formalities of marriage, and a large reduction in illegitimate births has been the result. If a man or a woman is forbidden to marry because physically disqualified, it may eventuate in contagion or degeneration being introduced into several families instead of being confined to one. It would be impossible to isolate the physically unfit behind bolts and bars, and when we come to examine the possibilities the project does not look as alluring as at first glance. To isolate one actually diseased when sick nigh unto death is an easy task compared with watching or restraining people who are tainted but not apparently ill. Like prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is a means of submitting the sober as well as the drunken to an arbitrary restraint, I am afraid the prohibition of matrimony in the case of the unfit would be too much like legislating against the laws of nature, even if nature in this instance be degenerate or tainted.

M. D.

The obliging clerk had taken down piece after piece of goods, until he could hardly see over the pile on the counter. "I don't care to purchase to-day," remarked the shopper, "as she turned away; 'I was only looking for a friend.' 'There is one more piece on the shelf, madam,' said the clerk; 'your friend may be behind that.'"

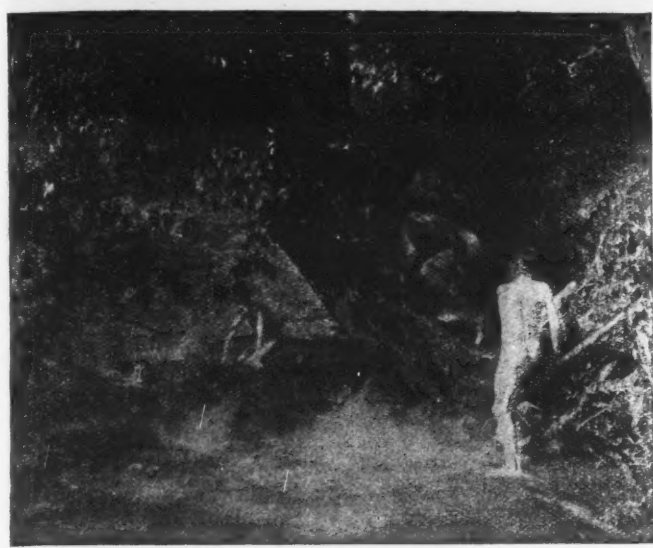


Miss Short—Isn't my name an absurd misfit, Mr. Long. Mr. Long (thoughtlessly)—Yes, rather. If you could have mine it would be all right, wouldn't it? Miss Short—Oh, Mr. Long, this is so sudden!—"Punch."

Books and Their Makers.

A BOOK which will interest all photographers, both amateur and professional, is "Photograms of the Year," published by Dawbarn & Ward, London, Eng. It is a pictorial and literary record of the best photographic work of the year, compiled by the editor and staff of "The Photogram." The first of this series was issued in 1895, and it has appeared regularly each year since. This year's volume contains a series of beautifully illustrated articles on the photography of France, Germany, Aus-

tralia, and the United States by men thoroughly conversant with the photographic conditions in each of those countries. A general review of the photographic work of the year is made and comment passed on the marked advance in pictorial photography and the influence on British workers of the visit of the "American" photographer, Mr. F. Holland Day, and his exhibit of photos by prominent Yankee camera specialists. The three greatest exhibitions held in Britain last year were the exhibit at the Glasgow Exhibition, the photographic Salon and the Royal. Each of these is fully commented upon and some good criticisms passed on the most prominent of the works exhibited. Toronto is represented by four men—Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, in the professional class, and Messrs. W. J. Watson, J. E.



IN AND IN AND OUT, TURN AND TURN ABOUT.
By W. J. Watson.

Wick, a rabid Royalist, whose love affairs lead to quarrels, duels and misunderstandings, which are only straightened out by the fall and death of Cromwell at the end of the book.

"Lobby" has come to the rescue, or at all events to the assistance of Marie Corelli. In London "Truth" he writes: "The critics are not generally speaking, enthusiastic respecting Miss Corelli in their reviews of her novels. But, so long as the sale of a new novel by her exceeds that of any other, the laugh is on her side. No one, however, can deny vondrous energy to this lady. Not content with writing novels, lecturing at Edinburgh, and occasionally indulging in a war of words with a brother author or a critic, she has now celebrated the advent of Christmas by issuing a 'Christmas Greeting,' in the form of the Christmas number of a magazine, in which she deals in poetry and prose with omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis in a fashion that leaves nothing to complain of in vigor. As she is one in a combat against so many, I always have an admiration of the way in which she manages to hold her own. It is Miss David with her sling against a regiment of Goliaths in their armor of brass. I never myself see one of these brazen giants without feeling an almost irresistible impulse to hurl a pebble at him, and so I am thankful to those who do."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has expanded her amusing little story, "The Making of a Marchioness," into a novel which deals partly with the married life of that gentle and attractive lady. The addition which Mrs. Burnett has furnished is somewhat melodramatic. The next heirs to the Marquis's estates enter into a diabolical plot against her life, and the winsome Emily is for some time in grave danger. Of course, all ends happily.

Edward Bok is authority for the statement that Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" has in various ways realized about \$485,000 for the families of British soldiers who have fought in South Africa. If this be true, his poetry brought something more than \$10,000 a line, or approximately \$1,000 a word, which certainly establishes a new record.

A Western journal, the "Independent" of Kansas City, has been trying to establish the thesis that is writing "The Crisis" Winston Churchill borrowed very largely from a novel called "The Rebel's Daughters," by the late J. G. Wornner of St. Louis, and published in 1899, after its author's death. The claim is made that the "plot, subject, dates, characters and description" in both books are the same.

Mary Lord Harrison has compiled a volume containing the addresses and writings of Benjamin Harrison subsequent to the close of his administration, entitled "Views of an ex-President." There are two-score papers in the book, which deal with widely diversified topics—education, religion, coinage and expansion. It also contains the series of six lectures on the Constitution of the United States, its history and development, which were delivered at Stanford University in 1895.

"Prince Reckless," by Arthur Grissom, is the leading story in the January or Christmas number of "The Smart Set." This is the first novelette of a purely romantic character that this magazine has published. The story proceeds rapidly from start to finish, and deals with the infatuation of a young European prince for a beautiful American girl; with his desperate adventures in pursuit of her, his mysterious disappearance, and the crime of his quarry. The story has all the elements that go to make popular fiction.

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the perfect tonic-laxative, will do this for you. It will not only cure the constipated condition of your bowels but it also strengthens all the organs of digestion and prevents the return of such an unhealthful condition.

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and "Mrs. Evans' Last Sensation," by Francis Willing Wharton. Richard Le Gallienne, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Vance Thompson, the younger Boyesen, Thomas A. Janvier, Julien Gordon and the editor are also amongst the contributors to the Christmas "Cosmopolitan."

The new "Canadian Almanac" (Copp, Clark Company), contains a full account of the census of Canada so far as issued, giving the figures of the population of all the districts in the various provinces of the Dominion, and also the principal cities as compared with 1891. The census of Great Britain is also published, giving the population of the counties of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and also the principal cities and towns. The other departments of the almanac are revised and brought up to date. The historical diary has been continued and enlarged, and a vast amount of interesting and instructive information of various kinds will be found in the 416 pages between the covers. The price in paper covers is 25 cents.

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Coronation Claims.

Prayers to Perform Curious Offices Considered.

THE following account of the sittings of the Court of Coronation Claims from the London "Daily Mail" will be found by the generality of Canadian readers to be at once interesting and amusing:

"Let all persons keep silence under pain of imprisonment," said the registrar of the quaint old Court of Coronation Claims, at Whitehall yesterday morning.

Two grave ushers in evening dress drew the long red curtains across and saw that the great doors of the big, square, wainscoted room were duly closed. Then the Lord Chancellor, in full-bottomed wig and cloth of gold, settled himself in a wide red-leather chair, and the Mace and Purse having been reverently placed on a small oak table at the rear, the King's commission setting forth the duties of the Court of Claims was read.

The other members of the Court of Claims sat along the table with the Lord Chancellor at their head. They were the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, in scarlet coat, broad blue sash

and gold-laced trousers; the Duke of Devonshire, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Francis Jeune, Lord Macnaghten, Lord James of Hereford, Lord Robertson and the Lord Justice General, in their uniforms as Privy Counsellors, and the Master of the Rolls, in tight-fitting laced dress with black sword.

In the body of the court were a great array of King's Counsel and other barristers and a few claimants. The first act of the court was to sweep out of the list a whole batch of claims which had to do with functions outside the ceremonial in Westminster Abbey. "With these," said the Lord Chancellor, "we have no power to deal."

Those thus disposed of included the prayers of Mr. G. T. J. Sotherton-Estcourt to be allowed to perform the duties of Chief Lardener; of the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and Mr. Frederick Oudin Taylor to act as Chief Butler of England; of the Mayor, aldermen and citizens of Oxford to attend as assistants of the Chief Butler; of Miss E. S. M. Wilshe to serve the King on the day of the coronation with the first cup of which the King shall drink at his dinner; and of the Honorable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms "to carry up the course at the banquet."

Their lordships then took the first on the list of fifty-nine claims, which was that of four different persons "to perform the duties of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, and have all the fees, etc., belonging thereto." At this four barristers stood up in a bunch to address the court. They represented respectively the Earl of Ancaster, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Earl Carrington and the Duke of Atholl. After a little discussion, which, like most of what was said throughout the day, was inaudible to the majority of those present, the court referred these claims to the Committee of Privileges.

The Bishop of Durham and the Bishop of Bath and Wells petitioned to be allowed to support Their Majesties at the coronation, and their prayer was granted. The claim of the Archbishop of York to be assigned "a place and part consistent with his rank in the church and realm" was ordered to stand over for a time.

It was stated in support of the claim of the Duke of Somerset that his ancestors had had the privilege of carrying the orb for 200 years, but the court decided that this was a matter for the executive committee for the coronation to decide.

The Marquis of Winchester withdrew his claim "to carry the Cap of Maintenance before the King," and the claim of the Duke of Roxburghe "to bear the Staff of St. Edward" was referred to the executive committee. The consideration of the petition of the Earl of Huntingdon to be allowed to carry the Sword of State was postponed.

There was a good deal of amusement, even at the Lord Chancellor's table, over the claim of the Earl of Erroll to be allowed to walk as Lord High Constable of Scotland, and to have a silver baton tipped with gold at each end. "He will be allowed to attend," said the Lord Chancellor. "He (or his ancestor) has lost the baton they last used," said counsel, and then the question arose as to whether the court would order him a new one.

"This court cannot say," answered His Lordship finally, "whether he is to carry the old baton which is lost or to have a new one."

Rear-Admiral T. H. Butler, who was quite conspicuous from the fact that he was in ordinary plain clothes, asked that his niece, Miss Beatrice Fellowes, might be allowed to "perform the office of Herb Strewer," but the court had no jurisdiction in this delicate matter.

Sir Harry Paul Burrard asked permission to attend as Bow Bearer and to follow in His Majesty's train in that capacity, but the claim was refused. His predecessors, he said, were rangers of the New Forest.

Standing erect at the bar in his scarlet uniform and orders, Lyon King of Arms of Scotland (Sir James Balfour Paul) asked to be allowed the customary place at the coronation, and his request was granted.

"At the time of the last coronation Dublin was a great distance from London," explained Ulster King of Arms, in showing why one of the officials did not come over on that occasion. Everybody smiled at this bit of Irish. His claim was promptly allowed.

One of the masters of Westminster School, pleading that the King's scholars might "be present in the Abbey and acclaim Their Majesties, and that the Town Boys might be present," said the boys represented "the people" when the people received and acclaimed the newly-crowned King. The claim was referred to the executive committee, who will duly judge as to whether the boys are to acclaim or not.

The Barons of the Cinque Ports, who have borne a canopy over the King's head for centuries, are to have the privilege again this time—if the King choose to have a canopy.

The claims of the City Sheriffs, the Hackney Borough Council, and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of York to take part in the Coronation were not granted.

Counsel were contending for the respective claims of the Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Henry Scrymgeour Wedder-

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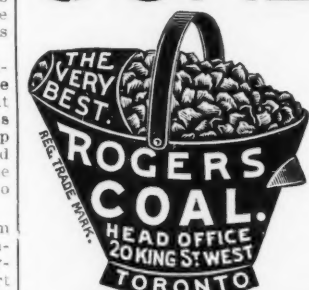
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burn, and the Rev. R. C. Scrymgeour to act as Hereditary Standard Bearer of Scotland when the court adjourned.

A Dream's Fulfillment.

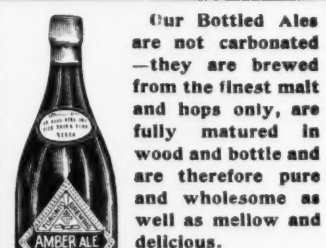
IN an essay in "Longman's Magazine" on dreams, Horace G. Hutchinson invited people to send him accounts of their own experiences and ideas, and as a result he was deluged with thousands of letters relating to dreams. These he studied carefully, and in a volume entitled "Dreams and Their Meanings," now presents his conclusions, and quotes the most striking contributions to illustrate the particular class of dream which he is discussing. An interesting class of dreams is that in which the sleeper finds himself in a certain house or room that is familiar to him in dreams, but quite unknown to his waking hours. Here is an instance which Mr. Hutchinson relates:

"A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and like a good wife that has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him, a very pleasant fancy. One day (husband and wife) went into the country to see a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house-agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it, they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. 'Why,' said the husband, 'it is your dream-house!' It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house."

In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—"something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them it is likely they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently quite reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months, until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent. 'The only thing,' said the wife, 'that we were disappointed in about the house is that we never saw the ghost.'

"Oh, no," said the ghost agent. 'We knew you would not see the ghost.'

"What do you mean?" asked the



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SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Makes:
OYSTER PATTIES—One quart oysters, 3 Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 1 pint milk, 4 level tablespoons entire wheat flour, 1 level tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon scraped onions, 1 cup oyster liquor, salt and white pepper. With sharp-pointed knife cut an oblong cavity in top of biscuit 1 inch from sides and ends. Remove top carefully, then all inside shells, forming a shell. Sprinkle with salt, dust with pepper and put a small piece of butter in bottom. Pick over the oysters and fill the shells, season with salt, pepper, and put in buttered pan. Dip the oblong tops lightly in the oyster liquor, cover the oysters, put bits of butter on top, cover the pan, and bake in quick oven 25 minutes. Serve with white sauce made from the milk, oyster liquor, flour, butter, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon scraped onion.

SHREDDED WHEAT For Sale by All Grocers.

wife, rather nettled.

"Oh," the agent repeated, 'we knew you would not see the ghost. You are the ghost that people have always seen here.'

"They say," began Miss Twitters, 'that there is a fool in every family. Do you believe it, Mr. Saunders?'

"Well, er—I hardly know," stammered Saunders. "You see, I am the only member of our family."

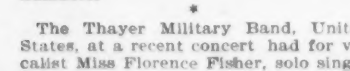
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For Christmas itself you have no real sentiment; but you continue to keep it, cannot help keeping it, for Dickens sake, in the regulation way. It is mere literary survival.—Max Beerbohm in "Pall Mall Magazine."

Over the grave of his wife in an English village a poetry loving widower has just erected a monument bearing this verse from the Rubaiyat:

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

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The Pianola, the simplest means of playing the Piano.

There Are Just Two Means of Playing the Piano.

Either by training one's own fingers to strike the piano-keys—an occupation of a life time—or by utilizing a modern invention and have the keys struck by perfectly adjusted felt-covered fingers, operated automatically, yet controlled absolutely by the player.

The success of the Pianola is possibly the strongest proof of the universal appreciation of the time and drudgery saved.

These two are the only means open to anyone to produce music. Another's fingers may be hired to play, but only when one directs the fingers that strike the notes does he himself produce music and have thrown open to him the inexhaustible resources of the piano and the rich legacy of all the famous composers as well as the newer music of the present day.

Inconceivable as it may seem, the Pianola player controls the Pianola's fingers as they strike the piano with so great delicacy and sensitiveness as to make the playing indistinguishable from that of the human fingers.

MOZKOWSKI says: "Anyone hidden in a room near by who will hear the Pianola for the first time will surely think that it is a great virtuoso that plays."

SAUER says: "I can freely say the Pianola gives me more pleasure than I have had from thousands of so-called treats of pianistic effort."

The Pianola has taken a prominent place in the history of musical development. At first looked upon as a clever mechanical toy, it has aroused an outburst of enthusiasm from the entire musical world as the realization of its technical and artistic possibilities has forced itself upon these critics. Every musician of prominence in this country and in Europe has accepted the Pianola.

"The Pianola must inevitably revolutionize the whole present pianistic situation,"—"Musical Courier."

The important position the Pianola is to occupy in the future of music makes it an object of interest to everyone.

Visitors welcome. The price of the Pianola is but \$275, yet it gives you the full value of your piano. Can be bought on instalments. Catalogue sent upon request.

The MASON & RISCH Piano Co., Limited,
32 King Street West, Toronto.

Social and Personal.

A charming house wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. John Carley, Barrie, on Thursday, December 26, when his daughter, Miss Hattie Carley, was married to Mr. Sidney Charles Brasier of New York City, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at two o'clock by Rev. Charles Pedley, in the presence of the immediate relatives. The bride was attended by her small sister, Marguerite, as maid of honor, and by the groom's sister, Miss Emilie Brasier, of Toronto, as bridesmaid. Mr. Samuel A. Sylvester of Toronto was best man. The bride wore gray voile, the bodice elaborately trimmed with rich lace applique over duchess satin, and strappings of rose velvet, and carried white roses. The tiny maid wore a dainty frock of white organdie, with lace insertions, and carried pink carnations, with streamers of baby ribbon, while the bridesmaid was gowned in white crepe de chine over rose taffeta, and carried pink roses. After the ceremony the guests enjoyed a sumptuous dejeuner, and toasts and speeches were indulged in. The popularity of the bride and groom was shown by the abundance of beautiful gifts, amongst which were a purse of gold from Mr. George Carley of Hamilton, the bride's brother, and a case of silver from the best man. The groom's gift was a beautiful sunburst of pearls; to the bridesmaid, a handsome opal ring; to the maid of honor, a locket and chain, and to his best man, a fob chain. After receiving the congratulations of Mr. Carley, Mr. and Mrs. Brasier left on the 5.20 train for their home in Brooklyn, where they will be at home at 497 Twelfth street after January 20. The bride's going-away gown was of castor Venetian cloth, with trimmings of cream lace applique and turquoise velvet, which she wore with a handsome ulster, with sable trimmings, and a becoming toque to correspond.

At noon on New Year's Day the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Jones, Prince street, Forest, was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Ethel Louise, was married to Mr. John MacEwan Shaw of Forest. The service was read by Rev. A. L. Beverly, rector of Christ Church, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride, who was escorted by her father, looked charming, gowned in white silk organdie with silk embroidered yoke and sleeves. She wore the usual bridal veil and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Her bridesmaid, Miss Gertrude Shaw, sister of the bridegroom, looked very dainty in a gown of white organdie and carrying pink carnations. The groomsmen were Mr. Harvey Jones, brother of the bride, Miss Maude Shaw, younger sister of the groom, who played the wedding march, was attired in pink and white. The groom's present to the bride was a pearl crescent brooch, and to the bridesmaid a pearl ring. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served, and later the happy couple left on the 2.40 express for eastern points, the bride wearing a handsome costume of brown Venetian cloth, with blue silk blouse and brown velvet mink-trimmed toque. After their return Mr. and Mrs. Shaw will reside in Forest.

There is only one answer in artistic circles and the smart set as to what to do next Monday evening. Madame Lilli Lehmann's singing will be much enjoyed at Massey Hall.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario held a reception on New Year's day at Government House, at which a huge crowd of gentlemen were present. The reception lasted from half-past four to six o'clock.

Mrs. Dignam gave a studio tea at her home in upper St. George street on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. C. A. E. Harriss of Earncliffe, Ottawa, has produced a festival mass, which was sung at the Church of the Holy Angels, in Buffalo, on Christmas Day. The composer has dedicated the mass to the Lady of Rideau Hall.

Mrs. Carter of Homewood avenue gave a jolly euchre party for her niece, Miss Bienenbassett, of Philadelphia, during the holidays, at which fourteen tables were set for the game. Miss Carter and Miss Madeline assisted in looking after the guests, and the fair

visitor was sweetly gowned in pale blue silk, with touches of yellow and trimmings of white lace. Mrs. Charlie Hall, the bride of last season, was an admired guest. The other members of the party were of the young set.

Miss Daisy Gouinlock was the hostess of the Parkdale Euchre Club on New Year's Eve, when the lady members of the club appeared in fancy costume. Some of the characters represented were chosen from popular operas, Miss Street coming as "Erminie," Miss Violet Roberts as "Carmen," Miss Marguerite Murray as "Princess Chic," Miss Wedd as "O Mimosa San," Miss Sherman as the ever-popular "Dolly Varden," and others. Miss Annie Harris came as a court lady of Louis XVI's time. The young hostess herself was charming in an old-fashioned gown of white net over blue. Miss Gwendolyn Roberts and Mr. C. Jones carried off the euchre prizes, and after supper the young people danced the New Year in.

Cards are out for the Young Bachelors' dance on January 24, for which Mr. J. M. Watson, 63 Wellesley street, is secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bull are now settled at No. 3 Linden street. Mrs. Bull will receive on Monday and on Monday week.

A Fine Number.

One of the most handsome holiday numbers we have seen is "Stratford Illustrated," issued as a supplement to the "Beacon" of that city. In addition to a number of stories by well-known Canadian writers and several pages of artistic illustration, "Stratford Illustrated" contains fifty-four pages of historical and descriptive matter about the Classic City and the County of Perth, their municipal, educational, religious, legal and industrial institutions.



Miss Effie Shannon, who will appear with Mr. Herbert Kelcey in "Her Lord and Master" at the Princess Theater next week.

Next Week at Shea's.

The original Sandow will be seen at Shea's Theater next week, after an absence from America of more than six years. It is scarcely necessary to mention that Eugene Sandow is the world's greatest athlete. He will be seen in his spectacular exhibition of superhuman strength. "Physically" perfect, Sandow is acknowledged by anatomists to be the strongest man in the world. History does not record among the great gladiators of ancient Rome a man with such muscular development as Sandow. Willard Simms and company will be seen in "Flinder's Furnished Flat," a very funny sketch, in which Mr. Simms gets every opportunity to display his ability as a comedian. Alcide Capitaine, who has just returned from Europe, will present her athletic specialty. Miss Capitaine is called the perfect woman. Binns and Binns, the musical tramps, will furnish plenty of amusement while they are on the stage. Dillon Brothers, the men who make and repair songs, will have a lot of parodies that are new. It was Dillon Brothers who wrote "Put Me Off at Buffalo." The Sa Vans, in their comedy acrobatic act; Madge Fox, the eccentric coon singer, and one or two other acts, will complete the bill.



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New term begins Tuesday, January 7th, 1902.

WANTED—First-class City Salesman who has earned \$2,500 a year and can do so again. Must be under fifty years of age, have good education and address, furnish good business references, and be first-class in every particular. Permanent position at above higher figures to such a man. John D. Morris & Co., 32 Church Street, Toronto.

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Week of MONDAY, JAN. 6

WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY

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1902 ~~~~~ 1902

WARD No. 2

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re-Election of

JOSEPH OLIVER

AS ALDERMAN

ELECTION—Monday, January 6th, 1902.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Harry Torrington received a very large company on Monday evening at the College of Music lecture-room, which, with the other rooms, was during the holiday time transformed into a spacious and delightful drawing-room and reception and supper-rooms for the function given in honor of the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Torrington. Mrs. Torrington wore a most becoming and elegant black velvet gown, with white lace, and the girlish bride was in white brocade, with lace and pretty cloudings of net on the corsage. The rooms were redolent with fragrance from many flowers, and the bright fires in the grates were almost too warm in their welcome to the scores of guests. A little gem of a musical programme, with a recitation by Mr. Shaw, was provided to amuse and entertain the company between their greetings and their supper. The refreshments were very daintily served at a buffet crowned by a huge center of delicate green and deep red spicy-breathed carnations. Among the guests I noticed Dr. and Mrs. Fisher and their pretty niece, Mr. and Mrs. Ham, Professor Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Dignam, Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Miss Gunther, Captain Gun-

ther, Professor and Mrs. Baker, Dr. Stowe Gullen, Miss Graham, Mrs. J. Taylor, Dr. and Miss MacMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gurney and Mrs. Sanford Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Parker, Dr. and Mrs. Jerrold Ball, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Bruce Riordan, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. J. A. Pater-son, Dr. and Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. Carveth and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. Case, Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles, Mr. Warring Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. Claude Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Sparling, and many others. Mrs. Harry Torrington is a very pretty and winning little bride, and was much admired and welcomed on Monday.

Miss Hill returned from St. Catharines on Monday, and her very interesting course of five travel talks begins on January 17, and is continued fortnightly till March 14, in the Conservatory Music Hall.

Miss Shaughnessy came up for Miss Ethel Matthews' New Year's Eve dance. Mr. Fred Beardmore came up to Chudleigh for the vacation. Mrs. Creelman and her daughters went to Quebec on Monday. Miss Estelle Holland of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. A. A. Macdonald. Mr. Harry of Kingston is visiting at Craigleigh, where a very jolly dance was on last evening. Miss Elsie Thorne was assisted at her dance on Thursday by Mrs. Arthur Grantham as chaperone. Mrs. Thompson (nee Grantham), who is visiting her mother, was one of the guests at Miss Thorne's dance for the "buds" and not-outs.

Mrs. Alexander Sinclair of 664 Euclid avenue will be at home to her friends on the first and second Tuesdays of each month.

Mr. Christopher Robinson, K.C., will be installed chancellor of Trinity on January 15, and invitations are out to the ceremony, which takes place at a quarter after eight p.m., in Convocation Hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter went to New York for Christmas week.

The new Assembly Hall of the Alexandra Industrial School will be opened to-day at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Edward Gurney gave a tea on Friday which taxed even her large home in Gerrard street, and brought together one of the most jolly and good-looking assemblies of women that could be found in Toronto. Mrs. Sanford Evans, the same Irene, but grown a bit matronly and very justly proud of her fine little son and heir, received with her petite mother in the drawing-room. Mrs. Gurney in a smart black gown and Mrs. Evans in pastel green, with guimpe and half sleeves of tucked white mousseline. She looked the picture of health and happiness, as everyone remarked. The guests were so many that it was a perfect kaleidoscope of rich gowns, stunning hats and radiant faces, and the musical efforts were at times quite lost amid the holiday talk and laughter. Pretty Mrs. Ryckman (nee Gurney), in a dainty fawn cloth costume and hat, was here and there among the guests, and in the tea-rooms, which were wreathed with Christmas green and red and white flowers, a pretty group of maidens waited on as many of the guests as they could reach. They were Misses Skinner, Mary Reid, Ethel Taylor of Florsheim, Estelle Kerr, and Kemp. The table was centered by an immense basket of scarlet poinsettias, those stunning and effective blooms, and a huge bow of white tulle gave them the finishing artistic touch. Many shaded lights, lots of mistletoe and holly and all sorts of dainty things to eat and drink kept the guests admiring and chatting and chattering till the last moment. One lovely gown of violet velvet, French knotted in black and white and combined with heliotrope, and a white and black costume of lace and chiffon and silk and rich ornaments was worn by a little matron whose laughing face set off her smart frock and fetching hat. A comparatively new-comer, Mrs. Harris of St. George street, wore a perfectly lovely gown of pale gray and a very becoming hat. Mrs. Charles Johnstone and her graceful sister, Miss Elizabeth King, were also beautifully gowned. In fact, smart frocks were never more "en evidence." Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Gurney's mother, was as young as the youngest, as if no little great-grandson were just at hand, nor a trio of great-grandchildren, sturdy little Ryckmans, up in Rosedale. Not many representatives of the oldest of four generations could rival Mrs. Cromwell's courage and face a huge gathering of five-o'clockers. Among the Happy New Years which I heard flying around, none were more hearty than those merrily acknowledged by this wonderful old lady.

I hear that the banner card-basket, after Government House, was to be found on Mrs. John I. Davidson's table

on New Year's Day, as a great number of men took advantage of the opportunity to call upon the popular lady and her charming young daughter. Strathearn was "maison fermee" a little further up the street, as Mrs. Hay spent the vacation with her father at Holmstead.

Dr. Oronhyatekha has returned home after a tour of Australia.

Great interest is taken in the grand operatic concert by Madame Lehmann at Massey Music Hall next Monday evening, when a large and a very smart audience is sure to attend. Madame Lehmann, who is considered the greatest artist of the day by such a great diva as Mme. Albani, will be the guest of Mrs. Walter Beardmore. Mme. Lehmann has taken great interest in Mr. Lissans Beardmore and his voice.

The lady patronesses of the Young Bachelors' dance are Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. Thomas Davies, Mrs. Guy F. Warwick, Mrs. Robert S. Wilson, Mrs. James Watson, Mrs. T. B. Taylor, Mrs. Benjamin Kent, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. J. D. Ivey.

Miss Mabel B. Beddoe sang at an entertainment in Cambridge, Mass., last week, and was enthusiastically received. By the way, I heard and much enjoyed recently the splendid contralto voice of Miss Mildred Stewart, daughter of Mrs. A. D. Stewart, who is receiving much favorable criticism here and in neighboring towns. Miss Stewart has such a fine stage presence and such youth and energy that she should some day win more than local laurels.

A number of very enjoyable and impromptu teas, luncheons and small dinners have been given the last ten days for some of the unusually pleasant visitors now in town, or who have recently been visiting in Toronto.

Mrs. W. D. Matthews' beautiful house in St. George street was en fete for New Year's Eve, and a few married friends, with a radiant company of young men and maids, danced the old year out and the new year in to D'Alessandro's best music.

Mrs. A. E. Kemp gave a bright and enjoyable dance for her debutante daughters and their young friends on New Year's night. Many of the young beauties from both East and West sides and a jolly party of men were present.

Mrs. Cawthra of Guiseley will give an evening reception on Thursday week, January 16, from half-past eight to twelve.

I hear Mr. McDowall Thomson has been quite ill. Mr. Walter S. Lee is at latest accounts doing satisfactorily. Mrs. Archie Langmuir was laid up at New Year from the effect of an awkward fall last week.



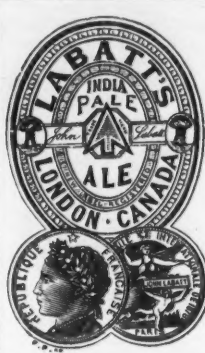
ALD. J. J. WARD,
Candidate for re-election in Ward Six.

We Thrashed You.

DEAN STUBBS of Ely does not like Chicago. In his book, "In a Minister's Garden," the Dean's causerie revolves amiably round Ely, but where he discourses on his holiday in the New World he becomes most amusing. Of Chicago he says: "I thought it the most hateful and unlovely city I ever was in. There were fine buildings, of course—warehouses for the most part, of the 'sky-scraping' variety—but, as a whole, hateful, simply hateful—a clanking wilderness of endless streets, monotonous, unpicturesque, untidy, dirty, foul." Yet the Dean tells at least one story which proves that Chicago, for all its unloveliness, has a knack of digesting all who go to live there. It relates to Archdeacon Rushton, the secretary of Bishop Maclearen. The Archdeacon was a Yorkshireman by birth; he had married a Canadian; but he had been settled for some time in Chicago. "His children, he told me, were born in that city. One day lately his youngest boy came home from school looking grave and solemn. He had just been promoted to the history class, and had been reading about the War of Independence. 'Father,' he said, 'are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, my boy, I am.' 'Oh! Mother, are you a Britisher?' 'Yes, dear, I am,' she said. 'Well,' he replied, after a pause, 'I don't care. You had the King's army, and we were only a lot of farmers, but we thrashed you!'"

Decidedly Novel.

An entertainment which is gaining much vogue in Paris is the engagement dinner. At a recent affair of this kind the menu cards bore a crimson heart in one corner in which was imbedded the Christian name of the prospective life partner. "Unique" best describes the table decorations. Two wide sashes of crimson ribbon were draped from the chandelier to each side of the centerpiece. Beneath this drapery stood the betrothed couple and dangling at the bride's side was a pair of tiny scissors in sugar. This was to indicate that she would have the last word. At her feet lay a broom, her weapon of defence. Before the bridegroom were a coal scuttle and shovel, which symbolized the fact that he must get up mornings to make the fire. At des-



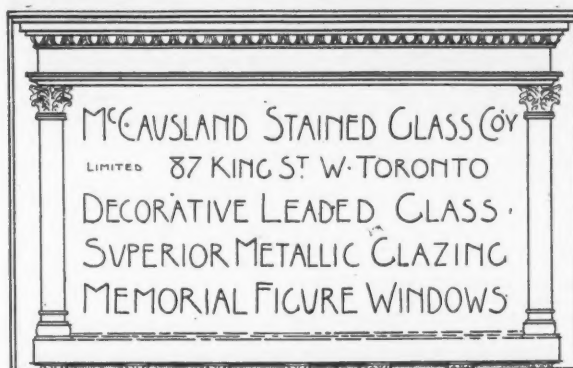
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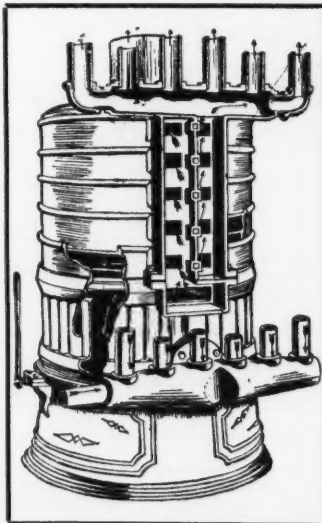
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sert a mammoth plate decorated with red and white roses was set before the hostess. Removing the cover she drew forth every known utensil for house-keeping as well as furniture in miniature. These were passed to the guests with the idea of giving them a good start on life's journey. Then there were dainty boutonnières tied with red ribbons for the men and pretty filigree brooches for the fiancées.

Two Ways.
When a woman gets frightened at night she just pulls the bedclothes over her head, says she is terrified out of her wits and goes to sleep. But with a man it is different. He says he is not afraid, pushes the clothes down and lies tremblingly awake for two hours, straining his ears at every sound—"Pick-Me-Up."

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Marlatt—Dec. 30, Oakville, Mrs. C. Marlatt, a daughter.
Armstrong—Dec. 27, Toronto, Mrs. F. Armstrong, a daughter.
Urquhart—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Douglas Urquhart, a daughter.
Hannon—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. H. Hannon, a son.
Godard—Dec. 20, Toronto, Mrs. F. Godard, a son.
Beasley—Dec. 25, Toronto, Mrs. H. Beasley, a daughter.
Cook—Dec. 28, Toronto, Mrs. William Cook, a daughter.

Marriages.

Brasler—Carley—At Barrie, on Dec. 2, by the Rev. Charles L. Podley, Harry eldest daughter of Mr. John Carley of Barrie, to Sidney C. Brasler of Toronto, formerly of Toronto.
Stone—Morrison—Dec. 31, Toronto, Emma A. Stone to Maud Morrison.
Christie—Albert—Dec. 25, Lorne Park, Edwin F. Christie to Lottie E. Albertson.
Lawson—Kemp—Dec. 25, Toronto, B. well C. Lawson to Nettie A. Kemp.
Palmer—Sprague—Dec. 24, Dr. R. Palmer to Emma J. Sprague.
Ridout—Jones—Dec. 25, Douglas R. Ridout to Ruth A. M. Jones.
Walker—Bargant—Jan. 1, Toronto, Arthur Walker to Bertha T. Bargant.

Deaths.

Black—Jan. 1, Toronto, Gertrude M. Black.
Murdoch—Dec. 30, Toronto, Alex. Murdoch.
Eskine—Dec. 29, Toronto, Jennie Eskine.
Hewson—Dec. 30, Toronto, Hattie Hewson, aged 38.
Smith—Dec. 30, Toronto, William Smith, aged 61.
Boulbee—Dec. 29, Toronto, Alfred Boulbee, aged 76.
Foote—Dec. 25, Bracebridge, Alex. Foote, aged 52.
Stanton—Dec. 25, Toronto, Elizabeth Stanton.
Johnston—Dec. 25, Toronto, Jeremiah Johnston, aged 32.
Johnston—Dec. 31, Toronto, James Johnston.

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